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SECRET MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WRITTEN BY

ONE WHO NEVER QUITTED HIM FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SECRET MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

WHILST Pichegru was young in the service, he was quartered at Lyons, where he had become acquainted with Mademoiselle B.—Unforeseen circumstances had then separated them, and the young lady was married to another; but Hymen does not always break the bonds of friendship, and the connxeion still existed, though privately. Having become a widow, some time before the conspiracy in which Pichegru was implicated, the lady went to Paris, on that occasion, and solicited the grand judge

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for permission to see her friend; but this request was denied.

She had no connexions or acquaintances at Paris, and for reasons, of which I am ignorant, she was unwilling to be known by Pichegru's family; yet, though isolated in society, and unprovided with references, this lady ventured to request an audience of the First Consul, but without stating the object of her visit. She was desired to attend: at the very first mention, however, of Pichegru's name, Buonaparte knit his brows, and would not permit the suppliant to proceed. "What can I do for you, madam?—What business have you to intermeddle in Pichegru's affairs?—Who are you?"—"I am his friend," said she. "I do not solicit for him, I only ask permission to see him;

every whese else it has been refused to me." "The step you have taken is a very indiscreet one; its consequences may be fatal.—I have weighed them.—Your friend is a conspirator, and you know it." "I know nothing," replied the lady, "of his conspiring; and it is merely to be certain of it, that I ask permission to see him."

"What then! you know nothing of his projects?"

"Nothing! absolutely nothing. His return and his arrest were alike known to me at the same moment."

"Well then! of what use would your interview be to you?"

"I would have the pleasure of seeing him, and of softening his sorrows for the moment. I would advise him to suit himself to present circumstances;

to moderate the impetuosity of his disposition; and, in short, not to cause his own ruin."

"You are, no doubt, well acquainted with the temper and feelings of your friend: now, if you will deal candidly with me, you must confess that your hope of success in such advice is but small." Buonaparte was then silent for a few moments, but at length retired into his cabinet, after telling the lady to be seated. It was some time before he re-appeared, when he approached her with two notes in his hand, one of which was sealed, and he told me in a whisper to send it as directed; it was to the grand judge. The lady, at once suspecting the purport of this proceeding, had the courage to say to the First Consul: "If your wish is to secure my

person, any measures for that purpose are unnecessary: a carriage is waiting for me on the Carousel: point out to me where I must go, and I shall then follow any person whom you choose to entrust."

"Calm yourself, madam," said Buonaparte: "nothing is intended against your liberty; on the contrary, I have requested the grand judge to relax, in your favour, the orders which he has received. To-morrow he will send to you permission to see your friend; but I now hold in my hand a note, which, if you can prevail on him to sign it, will procure for you this favour every time you wish to enjoy it. A compliance with this will not compromise your friend in any manner whatsoever; it is merely an act of justice

which he will do to me; and the only tie on him shall be that he must never speak of it again: his silence in this respect shall always be the pledge of mine. Hear it, and you shall judge.—I, Pichegru, declare that in the affair of the 13th Vendemiarei, in the year four, general Buonaparte behaved as a brave soldier, and as a generous citizen; that he has only done what any other person would have done in his situation; that if I have spoken otherwise of it, whether in France, or in foreign countries, it was in consequence of my quarrels with him, and the difference of our opinions; that nothing forces me to make this confession; that I owe it to truth and the repose of my conscience; and that in future, every act of my life contrary to the present declaration shall

be considered as null, and as the effect of a new resentment towards that general. Done at Strasburgh, this 13th nivose, year five."

The fair petitioner, during the reading of this document, turned pale; and in her looks might be read the little hopes that she entertained of being able to prevail on her friend to sign such a paper; nay, the Consul himself, had he looked at her for an instant, must have observed it: however, she was able at length to assume composure, and the desire of seeing Pichegru, of being perhaps able to save his life, made her for the moment forget the difficulty which she would have in satisfying Buonaparte's expectations.

"I accept the commission," said she. "Friendship sometimes works miracles.

I shall neglect nothing that may lead to success."

"In that case, there is the note. I need not tell you that it must not be seen by any other person whatsoever. I only hint to you the risk you run, from the slightest indiscretion in this respect. In any case the paper cannot hurt me: the writing is not mine."

He told a falsehood—it was his own hand-writing.

As soon as the lady was gone, he directed different persons to be admitted, and I could not help blaming the carelessness with which he entrusted a stranger with a paper of such importance, particularly as written by himself. Might not the fair friend of Pichegru make an improper use of it? Might not the accused, himself, produce it in

court? What a proof then in favour of the means which he proposed to employ to convince the tribunal and the public that Buonaparte was an ambitious scoundrel, and the vilest of intriguers! Ah, how much I was then his dupe! The Consul was not a man to let his prey thus escape him. This lady, whose address he had not even taken, was arrested on her arrival at her lodgings, where two agents of the police were waiting for her. They desired her to get into a carriage which was in readiness, into which they also followed her, accompanied by another person of her own sex, who was to be her companion night and day. It must be confessed that the police at that time possessed a most uncommon politeness and foresight. It is likewise

true, that in the end this female companion was rather troublesome; that she even attempted imposition, in order to avail herself of that which the lady did not choose to communicate. In short, she took a great deal of trouble to trump up a story for the fair friend of Pichegru, telling her, that she also was a victim to the persecutions of the government; but the latter, who was naturally a little incredulous, could not help always believing her to be the very humble servant of the police; and for that reason, she kept the utmost reserve towards her. Nevertheless, these ladies had nothing to complain of: they were under bolts and bars, it is true, but that was not in a prison, only in a private house in Rue de Vaugirard, which one of the mem-

bers of the Commission of General Inspection chose to lend for their reception; and where the two apartments which they occupied had nothing to be complained of, except that they were perfectly isolated, and had their windows strongly secured with iron bars.

The next morning two great personages of the Consular Inquisition came in two carriages to inquire for the prisoners; and he who had the particular charge of Pichegru's fair friend, pretended to make some excuses to her, saying that particular circumstances obliged the government to deprive her of her liberty for some days; but that the regard due to her sex, and the very little she had to do with what produced these rigorous measures, would

tend much to soften her disagreeable detention.—It will be seen presently how I procured these details.—Whilst this agent of police played the part set down for him towards the real prisoner, who did not believe a single word that he said, her companion played a kind of under-plot with the other alguazil, who pretended that he was come to fetch her also. "What do you mean to do with me?" said she. "Where would you lead me? What is my crime? Do you mean to kill me? If so, I resign myself to my fate; but for God's sake shorten the preparations. I have already made all the confessions that can be expected. I have said to all those who would listen to me, and I now repeat it, that the Bourbons are dear to me. I shall preserve, even in

the moment of death, the most lively desire for their remounting the throne of their ancestors."

Her tears then flowed in abundance; and, finally, she refused to follow her guide, who, having no doubt received directions how to conduct himself towards her, said, with a feigned severity, "Madam, I have no excuses to make to you—I have no explanations to give: follow me without noise or disturbance, or I shall be obliged to employ force, a measure which I hope you will spare me." After some grimaces, she followed her guide, who was in fact her own husband.

The fair friend of Pichegru saw her go away without the slightest regret; for she had not been for a single moment the dupe of this farce: how-

ever, she has assured me, that any other person might have been deceived, it was acted so much to the life. This agent of police, who waited until the other carriage should be at some distance, had not yet told his prisoner whither he was going to conduct her; but she now ventured to ask him.—"Madam," said he, "you are now going to receive a favour which many others have solicited in vain: I am going to conduct you to General Pichegru."—"Indeed!" said she; "the First Consul had promised me that; but after what has taken place, I scarcely dared to hope for it."—"There are few men," said the hypocritical informer, "who so rigorously keep their word:" when she followed him to the *Conciergerie.* There she waited for some

time in a private room, when at length a person came to conduct her to the illustrious prisoner.

Before I proceed with the details of this interview, I must inform my readers that the statement which they have just read, was related to me by the lady herself, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the house of my brother-in-law during Buonaparte's tour to Dijon. My relative, who possessed her entire confidence, had often mentioned to her my manner of speaking about the new emperor, and we therefore soon entered into mutual confidence. I then entreated her to give me some account of the unhappy affair in which she had performed so principal a part; but she constantly refused, fearing to involve herself by it.

Her suspicions hurt me, and she perceived it: "Come then," said she, "if you please, let us do justice to each other. Your brother has told me that you take notes of Buonaparte's conduct; shew me some of them, and from your confidence mine shall spring. I accepted her proposal, giving her some of my memorandums; and nothing further was necessary to obtain from her the detailed recital which the reader has already perused; to which she also added an account of her interview with her unhappy friend. For this latter confidential communication I had no occasion, as I had already copied the particulars of it from the notes of the short-hand writer, and of the people who were privately placed in order to hear the proceedings. However, I was

not sorry to have that recital confirmed by one of the principal parties; but if the reader does not find in the following account all that connexion of which a report is susceptible, he must not forget that it is a recital copied after it had been written down by people who heard it all by means of communications formed in the walls, or by other modes. I am indeed ignorant of the exact mode in which it was taken down, but I have changed nothing of the recital, which was done in haste, being taken whilst the conversation was passing; and I shall only say, that it is probable that the First Consul had given orders to take every possible precaution that not a word should be lost of whatever was said or done in this

interview.—Let us now read the account as drawn up by the spies.

" Previous to the arrival of the lady, Pichegru was walking in his apartment: he looked for some time through his bars, and then sat down to the table as if with an intention of writing, having before him some blank paper, and two or three sheets filled with notes. After a few minute's reflection he began to write, and seemed pleased with his performance, which he read over again at the end of every sentence. Suddenly the key was heard moving the lock, when he instantly rose, rolled up his writings, and folded them up in his cravat, which he put round his neck.

" His surprise was extreme on per-

ceiving the lady behind the turnkey; but he recollected her at once, and exclaimed, 'What! you, madam, in this place! What god has given you the power of coming to me?'

"The lady, unable to sustain her feelings, fainted. They were alone, for the doors had been again closed. Pichegru was on the point of calling for assistance, when the lady began to revive; and no sooner had she recalled her scattered senses, than they threw themselves into each other's arms, unable to articulate. Their emotions were presently a little calmed. 'What then, do I indeed see you once more!' she exclaimed; 'but this happiness is so great, that I dare scarcely believe it.'

"Yet tell me,' said Pichegru, 'who is it that has procured for you the per-

mission of visiting me, a favour that is refused to every individual of my family?'

"Can they not overhear us?' replied the lady.

"I believe not; the walls are thick; however, let us go from the door.'

"You ask me then,' said the lady, 'who has obtained for me permission to come here. My good friend, it is a favour which I have in vain solicited from the grand judge.'

"I believe it well: he has very strict orders respecting me; besides, he is a hypocrite worthy of serving the master whom he fawns upon.'

"Not knowing what to do, yet wishing to see you at any risk, I ventured to demand an audience of the First Consul—I obtained it. After submit-

ting to him my request, and answering different questions which he put to me, I at length received permission to visit you.'

"It is impossible, madam! The scoundrel knows nothing of the feelings of friendship: there must be promises, conditions, attached to this favour: he must be interested in it.'

"Speak lower,' rejoined the lady, 'and I will explain every thing to you; but first tell me, will you do nothing to extricate yourself from this unpleasant affair?'

"Madam, it is not my disposition to retract my opinions; they are already well known; and whatever may be my fate, I shall always contend against that crafty quack, who, for such a length of time, has caused so much

misery, not only to my native country, but to all Europe.'

"I am not come,' she replied, 'to combat your opinions; you know that I have always imposed silence on myself in affairs of this nature; but I come to ask you if you will not be prevailed upon to make some advances towards a reconciliation with your enemy?'

"What, I!'

"Softly, softly, my dear Sir; I propose nothing to you; I know your principles; but at least permit that friendship, even though almost certain of failure, should point out to you some expedients that may be useful.'

"Madam, there are none that can be so to me, in the sense of which you speak. What! I!—shall I, in order

to prolong for a few days an existence which must soon have an end—shall I in one day sully a whole life which hitherto has passed without stain or reproach—shall I, in the face of the whole world, go to implore the mercy of a treacherous villain, whom I have already pointed out as the vilest and yet as the most dangerous of the human race? I am fain to believe, madam, that you still do me justice, that you do not yet suspect me to be capable of such unworthy conduct. The love which I bear towards my country, my own honour, and my principles, have placed a wall of brass between me and Buonaparte. He thirsts for my blood, and him I personally abhor. He knows it; but he does not know, that in order to shed that blood of which he is

so desirous, he must find out judges as well qualified for hangmen as himself. If amongst the judges, or the gaolers, or the guards, amongst the hearers present, nay, amongst his own satellites, there should yet be some remains of humanity, some small particles of patriotism, I will answer for the success of my own cause, confident that his last hour has knelled. See there,' added he, pulling off his neckcloth, and displaying the papers concealed in it,—' See, there is his sentence of death: there is the sum total of his crimes, of all the horrors which he has committed, from the siege of Toulon even up to this very day, whether in Italy or in France. Before the open tribunal I will unmask the assassin: I will muster up all

my powers, I will tripple my eloquénce; at my voice, Frotté, Hoche, D'Enghien, and Klebert, will rise from their tombs; the first of them with his throat cut whilst trusting to honour during an interview; the second poisoned; the next assassinated; and the last stabbed with a poniard. With these illustrious victims, we shall see joined the unhappy people shot at Lodi, at Pavià, at Venice, and on the Italian frontiers; with their cries shall be mingled those of the French murdered upon the steps of St. Roche. I will then lead the auditory into the numerous dungeons, not only in the capital but throughout the realm. Can they look on without trembling and shuddering at the fate of the crowd of innocent people whom the monster has caused

to be there shut up? No, madam, such truths must always have an effect upon the people, and he who can expose them with energy must be certain of triumph.'

"But, sir,' interrupted she, 'can you believe that they will not impose silence upon you? May not Buonaparte have foreseen your design, and given orders in consequence?'

"No! he cannot know my plan: they have given me eight sheets of paper for my defence, and these, it is true, I must account for, either blank or written on; but I have been able to procure some from another quarter.'

"Alas! are you not afraid that they will strip and search you?'

"I have already submitted to that inspection; but, at all events, before

they rob me of these papers, they must take my life.'

"Yet, sir, before having recourse to such dangerous extremities, if there were any means——"

"The general instantly rose up, and taking both hands of his visitor, 'Stop, my dearest friend,' said he: 'it is in vain for you to conceal it; you have something to communicate to me: they would never have permitted you to penetrate into this place, except under certain conditions. They have left us without witnesses; they have shut the doors for fear of disturbing us, and in all this there is much more than is necessary to convince me that you have something to disclose to me. Conceal nothing from me, I pray you; and whatever may be the commission

with which you are charged, I promise you that I will pardon it.'

"Indeed, sir,' said the lady, 'I must confess to you, that I have something important to communicate; but first, swear to me upon your honour, that you will, with calmness and without interruption, hear me explain myself: that you will read the note which I am now about to put into your hands, and that you will restore it to me whether signed or not.'

"I swear to you,' said Pichegru, 'upon my honour, all that you require of me, since you leave me at liberty either to sign or decline it.'

"Well then, my good friend, I am myself a state prisoner. I ought indeed to have expected it, whilst soliciting permission to visit you; but this

misfortune is well compensated by the pleasure which to-day I experience. I have at last only obtained this extraordinary favour, solely upon the condition of delivering to you this note, and of engaging you to sign it. They depend much upon my influence with you, and upon our long established friendship. I have promised them every thing; but yet, my worthy friend, I shall confine myself for this day to the putting this writing into your hands. I shall not add a single word, either in favour of or against it: so far imitate me, for so far you have promised."

"Pichegru then took the note, ran it over with a disdainful smile, and restored it to her, adding, 'Ah, Madam, what an addition this would be

to my justificatory address. It is his own writing; it would be his death blow! but friendship forbids me to keep it, for then I should destroy you—'——'And yourself also, sir, for they would proceed to the greatest extremities, in order to take from you such an important document.'

"The scoundrel! he supposes me to be like himself!'

"Your oath, sir! I do not infringe mine.'

"You are right—but you, my dear friend, you, deprived of liberty on my account—this is a new misfortune that——'

"Why call it a misfortune? I am now one hundred leagues nearer to you. Do you reckon nothing upon that?'

"Generous woman! but tell me, how are you to return him his note?'

"I shall deliver it only to himself. Whatever may be his orders, I shall then have an opportunity of speaking to him; perhaps I may obtain something—the occasion may perhaps inspire me.'

"You are right—honour, courage, hope,—that is my motto.'

"My worthy friend,' said she, squeezing him by the hand, 'I quit you.'——Tears filled her eyes: they knocked at the door: it was opened, and they were separated.

"Certified to be true. D. B. V."

The same inspector who had brought her to the Conciergerie, then reconducted her to the prison, in Rue de Vaugi-

rard: but a scene of a different nature there awaited her: she found there her pretended companion in misfortune.

"Ah! madam," said she to her, melting into tears, "how much have you to complain of, if you have been tortured as I have been. The wretches! I have made all the confessions that they wished for; their barbarity was not even then satisfied; they required me to compromise the characters of people of honour, whom I only know to be faithful servants to their monarch. No! madam, I preferred death to ignominy—but you complain not, madam: I see how it is, you have some suspicions of me, which ma perhaps be justified by the horrible machinations which the present government puts in force in order to destroy a num-

ber of worthy people. You do not however do me justice, and you deprive me of a very sweet pleasure, that of pouring out my sorrows into the bosom of a true friend, and of receiving her consolation in return."

The fair friend of Pichegru, whom this farce began to tire, said to her, drily :—" My sorrows, madam, are not of a nature to be shared by others ; as to your's, I do not seek to enquire into them." In short, she retired into the chamber which had been appointed for her; and it is probable that the political actress wrote to her employers, that she could be of no use on this post, for the next morning some people came to enquire for her under pretence of changing her place of confinement. This anecdote is a valuable lesson to

those, whether male or female, whom misfortune may conduct into a state prison. It proves to them how careful they should be in the connexions which they may form, and how resolute they ought to be in all matters of confidence.

The morning after the interview with Pichegru, S. and D. came in a carriage to enquire for this lady, and conducted her to St. Cloud. There she was introduced to the Consul. I now shall describe this scène from the details which she gave me at Dijon, for I was not present at it, being then with Messrs. ———, at the Thuilleries.

Scarcely had the lady entered, when the Consul said to her, with a sardonic grin :— "Well, madam, has your friend

paid for the loss of your liberty by any complaisance? Has friendship worked miracles?"—but there appeared in these two questions a tone of insult and of contempt, so marked, that the unhappy lady was struck dumb.

"How!" added he, in the most cruel manner; "you do not answer me; but come, I see it all; you have no good news to give me.— Calm yourself: your friend has never been too fond of giving me pleasure. It is really a misfortune for him.—In short, what has he said to you? Conceal nothing from me; I am accustomed to his praises."

She could only answer by putting the note into his hand, which he threw upon the bureau without taking the trouble of opening it. It was then,

forgetting what he owed to his rank, and the respect due to misfortune, that he began most cruelly to insult Pichegru's fair advocate. "If in your youth," said he, "you have not had more power over the heart of your friend, I doubt much if he was worth all that chagrin which he has brought on you at the present day. There are, however, some men whose ingratitude surpasses belief—but I forgot to ask you if you have pleaded my cause well; or, rather, his and your own? What now! you are petrified! Can this man have *cut you?* Perhaps another time you will be more fortunate, and he will court you."

Deeply moved by the sarcasms of the First Consul, she sighed for the moment when she might give a free vent to her

tears. Seeing no person follow her, she believed herself at liberty; but this hope was soon destroyed, for scarcely had she entered the first court, when her rascally guide came with honeyed words to offer her his arm, and the sight of him made such an impression upon her for the moment, that she could not restrain herself from uttering a shriek of terror. The hypocrite endeavoured to calm her fears, but she did not listen to him. As soon as she was seated in the carriage, she gave herself up entirely to her grief, and her tears flowed in abundance. A new and double subject of terror now augmented her alarm: where could they now be taking her to, and what were they going to do with her? However, when they arrived at Paris, she saw

them turn down the road of the Boulevards, then that of Rue de Vaugirard, and she now became a little more tranquil. On her entering the prison, she saw a new face; it was that of a woman about thirty years of age, who was appointed to attend upon her. This person was kind, gentle, and simple in her manner, so that during the forty-seven days which Pichegru's fair friend spent in this prison, she had nothing to do but approve of her chambermaid, who is now with her at Puy en-Velay, for this lady, on leaving the prison of La Force sometime afterwards, where, during thirteen months, she had suffered solitary confinement under another name, she caused this person to be enquired for, and took her away with her into the country.

On the very evening of the day of the interview between the lady and Pichegru, Buonaparte received, agreeable to his directions, the detail of the conversation. It was his aide-de-camp who carried it to him; but it was not the original, being merely a copy, in which they had softened all the strong epithets which Pichegru had applied to him.

He soon perceived this, because the paper was clean and smooth, the phrases all in order, and the words without abbreviation. "This," said he to his aid-de-camp, "is not the original of the short-hand writer; return instantly to the grand judge, and tell him that I want the original itself, and not any report of his drawing up." In the course of half an hour the aid-de-camp

returned with the original. The Consul was then closeted with General Murat. He had ordered me to furnish him with the packet which should be brought by the aid-de-camp. He did not impart it at that hour, even to the general. The next morning there was a secret council, where only three persons assisted, Messrs. C. M. M. and it was there resolved upon that Pichegru should not appear at the tribunal; and that as his boldness, his eloquence, and his extraordinary intrepidity, might not only compromise the First Consul, but even the safety of the government, it was of urgent necessity to attack the evil at the very root. Pichegru was there unanimously condemned to suffer death, even while in prison. The mode of dispatching him

puzzled them for some time; but Buonaparte cut the matter short, by saying to them— "Gentlemen, it is sufficient that you have agreed that this conspirator ought not, for the good of the state, to be executed publicly by the hand of an executioner. I shall take measures to get rid of him secretly and without any noise."

C. and M. observed, that the business must be settled sooner or later, but that with such a man every thing was to be dreaded; and the latter in particular pressed that the affair should be so managed as to persuade the public that Pichegru had committed suicide, which all Paris should be made acquainted with without delay.

The next morning Buonaparte consulted with S. and M. upon the mode

of putting in execution their project of the preceding evening. S. proposed to select four gens d'armes, to pay them well, then to go at midnight to Pichegru's prison, where, under pretence of removing him to another place, they should pass through the most retired corridores, when the gens d'armes might stab him; and that afterwards they might carry him back to his chamber, and there leave with him a poignard drenched in blood, in order to preserve the appearance of suicide.

M. forcibly objected to this advice, assuring them that no gens d'armes could be found that would assist in the execution of it. S. then cited the affair of D'Enghien, but M. replied that it was a different matter; that the death of the Duke D'Enghien was a milita-

ry execution, after a regular form of judgment, and put in force by a platoon under the command of an officer: adding, that a subtle poison appeared to him the most convenient mode in the present business.

The First Consul hitherto had paid no attention to the conversation: he walked about in a reverie, but at last, turning towards them, he said—"Enquire no further—Pichegru shall be strangled to-night, and I have found people to put it into execution. I give you a week to guess who." As soon as they confessed that they knew not on whom they should fix—" Well then," said he, " I shall send four of my Mamelukes. I have several among them who do not speak a word of French; besides, I well know how to

ensure their silence:" and the two unworthy flatterers immediately applauded the ingenious cruelty of the Consul.

That very night, at one o'clock, four robust Mamelukes, at whose head were four officers of the high police, were introduced with the utmost secrecy into the interior of the Conciergerie, where care had been taken to remove from the place of this horrible execution every person who could have heard the noise of it, whilst the assassins in chief were placed in the leading passages in order to wait the result.

Scarcely was the door of Pichegru's dungeon opened, than the four Mamelukes, half drunk, threw themselves upon the unfortunate general. He slept in his drawers, and had risen at the

noise of the bolts. Round his left thigh was the cravat which contained his precious papers. Although surprised by his assassins, yet he struggled, and they all fell together, so that they had the utmost difficulty in passing the fatal noose; but their victim scarcely uttered a cry before these rascals succeeded in strangling him.

The principals now came in, and, finding him dead, threw his corpse upon the bed, where they stripped it of the neckcloth in which the papers were concealed, and made a strict search in all parts. This being done, they twisted the neckcloth, and passed it round the neck of the unfortunate Pichegru, tightening it with part of a chair, that it might appear as if the unhappy man had committed suicide.

The next morning the turnkey, who was not in the secret, was terrified at finding the general strangled upon his bed, and immediately ran to inform the gaoler, who feigned the utmost surprise, and instantly went to give information to those who were as well acquainted with the matter as himself. The event was then announced by a process verbal, which had been drawn up before hand at the secret conference; and on the same day all Paris read in the newspapers that General Pichegru had strangled himself in prison, by means of his neck-clòth.

Thus closed the career of the conqueror of Holland. Four pitiful Africans thus cut short the days of a man whose courage and genius might have been

of inestimable service to France, and to his rightful monarch. I know not if what was told me by my friend Monsieur de L.... is true; but he assured me that these four Mamelukes were actually shot the very succeeding night, on the plain of Grenelle. I learnt only, in addition to this, from a lieutenant of the company, that eight days afterwards seven men were missing; but he knew nothing more of it, and did not judge it prudent to make any further enquiries.

In the meantime Buonaparte, now certain that his dangerous enemy was no more, appeared much more tranquil; but still he could not conceal his displeasure against those who drew up the *proces verbal.* "Your agents," said he to D...., "must be most

stupid and most ignorant fellows! The very manner in which they described the suicide was itself a proof of its being impossible. Who will believe that a man could twist a neckcloth in such a way round his own neck, and strangle himself? Is it not clear that as soon as the ligature pressed on the jugular vein, the individual himself could no longer hold it there, so as to complete his own destruction? Would it not have been more simple and more probable to have published that he had hanged himself in prison? If this unlucky mistake, however, should be the effect of spite or ill-will, you may depend upon it that I shall soon find it out."

Whatever his projects might now have been, there was nobody to oppose

him. Moreau had gone for America; Pichegru was no longer in existence; the royalists were every day led to the scaffold; and the blood of the Duke of Enghien, now shed, had the effect of drawing all the jacobins round the ambitious Consul. Most of the foreign courts felt the necessity of repose, and merely waited for the decision upon the *proces* against Moreau before they declared in favour of the new Emperor, and to acknowledge him by that title. In all the cabinets there were ministers bribed to support the cause of the First Consul. Prussia alone cost him thirty millions; and it is certain that it was this craving venality of the Prussian cabinet which was the principal cause of the hatred that he bore towards that

unfortunate kingdom, so that some years afterwards he loaded it with the most vexatious oppressions. The ministers at Berlin, I confess it, possessed a degree of rigour and harshness without example.

The Consul was extremely angry at their proceedings, but that was not the proper time to make a noise about it; yet if the correspondence with his ambassador had been intercepted, the King of Prussia would easily have discovered the sentiments of the new Emperor with respect to him.

On the 14th Germinal of the year twelve, he wrote thus to his ambassador: "You shall receive a torrent of gold; soak these sponges as much as possible; but be assured that they will prepare

for me a future pleasure of the sweetest kind—that of shewing to them that I have a good memory."

On the 12th Floreal, his secretary composed for him the speech which he made at the secret committee that took place at St. Cloud, on the 17th of the same month. This committee consisted of only forty-three persons, selected from the first bodies of the state, but principally from the senate; and amongst them his own secret emissaries had been slily slipped in for the purpose of giving a proper direction to the proceedings. The Consul, having taken eight days to prepare himself adequately for the occasion, then delivered the following speech in the most humble tone:—

"Gentlemen,

"In thus assembling you round me, I have no other views than to give you timely notice of an event whose consequences cannot fail to insure the glory, the tranquillity, and the happiness of our country. For this long time past, not only the capital but also the departments have been busily occupied in presenting me with a heap of addresses, in all of which a wish is very strongly expressed of seeing the government *centralized* in one single family.

"If we are to credit these addresses, then a single chief, elected according to the constitution of the Republic, and agreeable to the will of the French people, on their being consulted, a single chief, to whom all the other

authorities might attach themselves' would break, for ever, the point of aim to which the ambitious look, would annihilate all culpable hopes, and would give not only more certain stability to the state itself, but also a stronger pledge to foreign courts.

"The good opinion of my fellow citizens, too indulgent in my behalf, imposes on me however a law not to expatiate to you upon the advantages resulting from an hereditary authority, limited by wise and sacred laws. Yes, gentlemen, of all the troubles that may occupy me to-day, the most cruel, without doubt, would be that of finding myself, for a single instant, suspected of ambition. At that single idea, I feel my heart shudder with horror; and yet I am ambitious; yes, gentle-

men, I confess it; yes, I desire in the most ardent manner to see France in the first rank amongst the European powers; to see her tranquil at home, respected abroad, and invincible against whosoever may dare to declare themselves her enemy. To attain this great end there is nothing that I would not undertake, particularly with the pleasing certainty that you would still support me with your knowledge and your advice. There is then, gentlemen, my sole ambition, but an ambition which devours me: the precious sentiment to which I abandon myself with delight, and for which I would shed, if necessary, the last drop of my blood.

"These honourable dispositions you, no doubt, feel and share equally with myself, and I now dare demand from

you a splendid proof of it. Although first magistrate of the state, I intreat you, gentlemen, to forget me during your consultation; and in your decision. An inquisition of such high importance ought neither to be influenced by my dignity nor by any slight services I may have done the state, and which have acquired for me your honourable approbation. Your opinion ought to be a virgin one; it ought to spring from the sincerity of your hearts, and from the purity of your principles; but, above all, from the sacred interest which each of you ought to take in the prosperity of the state.

"Return, gentlemen, to your colleagues, and inform them of my sentiments: tell them that the individual, whosoever he may be, is nothing when

put in the scale against the general happiness. Advise and persuade them to examine narrowly, to scrutinize carefully the different men of merit whom France to-day possesses. If amongst that number they find one more worthy than I am to hold the reins of government, assure them that I will give them up without regret; that I shall be the first to acknowledge his new title, and that I will serve him with all my best abilities: for if it is a glorious lot to preside at the head of the laws of the first people in the universe, it is not less so to serve him whom the nation has rendered the depositary of these laws."

This speech, an historical monument of the reign of Napoleon, is indeed a chef d'œuvre of address and

of ambition; for though, throughout the whole harangue, ambition pops out in every word, though in every phrase he puts himself forward, proposes, nay, even names himself, yet it is all done with so much frankness, with such loyalty to the nation, with such noble sentiments, that one is almost forced to confess that he alone is worthy of that which he attempts to make us believe he does not wish for. It is necessary, however, to leap over time and place, in order fully to understand the merit of this discourse. It was, for the senate, an open trap, which under existing circumstances they could not avoid. This harangue was not alone prepared for those who heard it, but also for the purpose of their causing its various expressions to be circulated

amongst their colleagues, and in different societies.

Buonaparte, in his delivery, spoke in the most oily manner, and with the utmost softness, though some points of the speech were given with much warmth, and even dignity; but never before was any orator more speedily convinced of having produced the promised effect, for scarcely had he done speaking, when his auditors shewed that they could not confine themselves to a slight approbation. It was in effect, not the approving clamour of a few courtiers, sold to the will of their master; it was the frank expression of a natural emotion, and one that was generally felt.

Mons. R.—, a creature of the Consul, had received secret instructions to

answer him, and he had not occasion for any grand phrases, nor for much eloquence, to acquit himself of his commission. "Citizen Consul," said he, "my colleagues and I refuse to give you to-day an answer, that, after the sentiments that you have just expressed, would, no doubt, cause a severe wound to your modesty. In a few days the Senate, as a body, will transmit to you their answer, an answer whose purport you may at this very instant read in the countenances of those who surround you."

"I thank you, gentlemen," replied Buonaparte: "whatever may be the answer of the Senate, it shall always find me disposed to follow its decisions; well convinced as I am, that they will

always be conducive to the general happiness, and to the welfare of the state."

The whole affair was closed with a grand dinner, at which Buonaparte beamed with hope and satisfaction: for his end was accomplished, and his designs were crowned. Unhappily for him, he knew not how to form a quiet idea of the part which he was now about to perform, for the immensity of the space, which he had leaped over, had actually turned his head. In that, however, he was certainly excusable, for it is not in the nature of man, whoever he may be, not to be dazzled with the splendour of a crown, unless, indeed, that he has been cradled on a throne. A wiser usurper than Napoleon has

confirmed this truth. The Protector of England said to Lord *Duncan*:* "I know how to bear the burthen of government, but the eclat with which I am surrounded vexes and humiliates me."

Buonaparte, inaccessible to the calmer affections, could not, like Cromwell, be humiliated; because the latter, in his own mind, made comparisons between what would have been due to him as a legitimate king, and what was paid to him as an usurper. The comparison not being to his advantage, there resulted from it a secret humiliation, which he often had the frankness to acknowledge: whilst Buonaparte,

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* This must be an error of the author, with respect to name.

more disposed to shrink from examination, more vain than the Protector, never dared to put himself in comparison with the kings whose throne he filled. 'Tis true, that he avoided the humiliation which would have resulted from it; but he could not avoid the embarrassment proceeding from the various details of a part which he was not born to play. I can pledge my life, that Buonaparte used every effort to acquire that air of kindness and good will so natural to our ancient line of kings; not that he wished really to be sincerely kind and affable, but that he merely desired to appear so, and to make it be believed by those who were familiar with him.

If any thing can excuse the harshness of his manners, and the laconic

and disdainful severity of his words, it is that it was both morally and physically impossible for him to be more gentle, more affable, or of a more easy address.

Scarcely was he seated upon the throne of Henry the Fourth, than he perceived that it would be impossible for him to ape the social virtues of the descendants of that good king, and that, even in spite, he would be called a vulgar monarch, a king of the mob: and soon he began to think that he might replace the gentle qualities of our ancient princes, by sentiments of a totally contrary stamp. In place of their goodness and gentleness, he substituted a disdainful severity: for the affability of their conversation, an affected *laconicism:* for the ease of their manners, a

studied pantomimic conduct: for their politeness of address, a reception haughty and often repulsive: and finally, instead of the dignity of their commands, he filled up the measure of his royalty by a despotic tone, one that was always absolute.

Boileau has been reproached that a single sentimental line never flowed from his pen; but they may more justly say that there never issued from the soul of Buonaparte an affecting or a sensible expression, except in his studied parts. It was indeed carrying impudence to its fullest extent, when he had the credit given to him of expressions which the public read with so much credulous good humour in the different publications of those whose duty it was to make a reputation for

this conqueror. How often have I, in this respect, discovered the baseness and falsehood of his flatterers! I have even often taken a *malicious* pleasure at their expence, by relating to them circumstances of which I had been the only witness, trifles which would not have been worthy notice, if they had not been connected with royalty. In a few days I have had the satisfaction of seeing my little confidences furnish an article for the *Moniteur*, in which the fact was embellished, mutilated, or disfigured, and all in favour of the Idol. As long as these petty manœuvres of the herd of flatterers hurt nobody, I was content with despising them secretly: but I was really outraged at seeing the baseness of some of the courtiers, who dressed up in all the splen

did colours of humanity, of grandeur, and benevolence, the most trifling, nay, even insulting and cruel expressions of Buonaparte. There, I must confess, his flatterers certainly excelled.

Every body knows what he said to Madam de Polignac, whilst she was on her knees imploring mercy for her husband. Most assuredly what was attributed to the Consul was great, generous, nay, even sublime: but compare it with what he really said: here are extracts from the real speech; judge from them: "I can pardon your husband, madam. Some acts of clemency at the beginning of my reign cannot do me any harm;" but then he added to that impolitic confession the following expression, which had a grossness in it totally unworthy of that rank which he

usurped.—"Those who employed your husband and his companions well knew that they risked but little; for if they had attached any value to the attempt, they would never have engaged in enterprizes conceived in such a beastly manner."

He said to Madam Rochelle, who also obtained pardon for her son—"Your son is a worthless fellow; but it is a proof that even his parents *are no great things*, as children are generally such as we make them." And now applaud, gentlemen, if you can!

It is due to truth to acknowledge that Buonaparte himself has often appeared surprized with these impostures. One day he said to Marshal Duroc, who was reading the Moniteur to him, "It must be confessed, my dear Du-

roc, that courtiers are a class of men highly favoured by heaven. They see twice as much as other people; they even hear what has never been said; for I own to you, they attribute to me the finest speeches, of which I have never uttered a single word. What think you?"

"Since it is for the glory of the state," said Duroc, "let them have their full range."

The very same evening, the groom of the bedchamber made it the subject of a witty *badinage*. "Gentlemen," said he, "the Emperor felicitates you all most sincerely upon your good memories. He thanks you for not allowing any of his numerous elegancies of expression to be lost, things which, without your assistance, he would

never have suspected himself of saying; but happy are the princes whose good friends can thus devise and publish all the conversations which he joins in."

The scene was the more amusing, inasmuch as the courtiers threw the charge against each other. One said that the *note was not directed* to him; and each laid the ball at his neighbour's foot, choosing rather to adopt a paltry denial, and thus add to previous immorality, than honestly to confess their baseness.

The morning after holding the secret committee at St. Cloud, Buonaparte gave all the necessary orders to prepare the decorations for the imperial farce; and his wife being then rather indis-

posed, at Malmaison, he wrote to her the following epistle:

"I have to acquaint, madam, and dear wife, that France is on the eve of acquitting herself of her debt of gratitude to me. In a few days your husband shall be proclaimed Emperor of the French. Begin then, from today, to assume the grandeur of that illustrious rank which I intend that you shall share with me. If the throne, on which you will soon be seated, is become by my victories the first throne in the world, let me have the sweet satisfaction of hearing that you are deserving of having rank with the first princesses in the universe. Prepare the people of your household for this new order of things. The Empress of

the French ought no longer to be Madame Buonaparte, much less the wife of the First Consul. This letter being for this sole intent and purpose, I pray God, madam and dear wife, to have you in his holy keeping.

"Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, the 18th Floreal, and the first year of our reign.

(Signed) NAPOLEON."

I have had occasion to remark, that this was the first time that he made use of the phrase, "I pray God to have you in his holy keeping." He must indeed have been much puffed up with his future dignity, when he could write thus to his own wife. This letter, however, copied from the original, proves two things: first, that

Buonaparte was perfectly certain of the disposition of the senate in his favour; and secondly, it is an irrefragable demonstration, that this vain-glorious man was in such a hurry to enjoy his new dignity, that he could not wait for the senatus consultum that should give him the title of Emperor, but thus prematurely began to assume the style, and to arrange his household with respect to the ceremonies due to his new rank.

It is also certain, however surprizing, that this letter to Josephine was dated on the 18th Floreal of the year twelve, whilst the senatus consultum, which gave the title of Emperor to Buonaparte, was not decreed until the 28th of the same month. In short, this day, so warmly panted for, at

length crowned the ambition of the man, who, notwithstanding, soon shewed himself not satisfied with a single throne.

On the 28th Floreal, Buonaparte was at St. Cloud, and all the household had received orders, on the evening previous, to be at their posts, and prepared in all their formalities: nay, the Consul himself, for four or five days preceding, had been busily occupied in rehearsing the part which he was to play on this important occasion.

The senate, after decreeing the senatus consultum which conferred the imperial dignity on Napoleon Buonaparte, had also resolved to go immediately to St. Cloud, in order to present him with it; and therefore set off, escorted by a military detachment.

On arriving there, they were introduced to the First Consul, when the president, Cambaceres, informed him in a short speech, that France did not yet consider her debt to him as paid, and that she would think herself but too happy, if he would receive the imperial crown.

I was in rather a bad situation at the commencement of this speech, and could not see the First Consul; but I was too anxious to scrutinize him at such a solemn moment, not to endeavour to find a station more convenient for my purpose; and at length I succeeded, placing myself exactly in front of the new Monarch.

He was then standing, and uncovered; his appearance was stiff and embarrassed; his right hand was upon

his stomach, and thrust into his half-buttoned coat, whilst his left rested upon his side, the upper part of his body thrown back, his head held very high, and his look stedfast.

At the end of every period addressed to him, he made a slight movement of the head, as if he thanked the speaker; and as soon as the oration was finished, he answered, that he accepted that title which the senate had thought necessary for the glory of the nation: adding, that all he could do for the good of the country was essentially connected with his own happiness.

When we reflect upon the last expression, and upon all the evils which he who spoke it has brought upon us, one is mortified not to have seen a single sovereign court remind the Despot of

his duties, and of the promises which he made when receiving the diadem.

Scarcely had the senate retired, when Buonaparte recovered his ease of behaviour and natural position: in short, he appeared unburthened of an oppressive weight; and although marked with a look of care, yet his satisfaction was visible, and he uttered some unconnected expressions: "I may now give to this people that attitude which I have so long desired. Great events are now hatching—the bundle of sticks is now tied—that was the strongest." What a conclusion! I know not indeed what meaning he affixed to these last words, as my distance from him prevented me from hearing the rest; but the whole proceeding was a scene

worthy of the moralist and the philosopher, thus marking the change which instantaneously took place, not only with Buonaparte personally, but, generally speaking, with all those who were obliged to approach him.

Even his interesting wife was not exempt from this metamorphosis, and she accosted him only with reserve and dignity. I saw no more of those effusions, in which, however, she alone had indulged. The death of the Duke d'Enghien, that of Pichegru also, as well as the banishment of Moreau, had all affected her severely. Her husband no longer held the same place in her heart; but inwardly she regretted this appearance of involuntary coldness, and she wished to stifle dreadful recollections, but in vain :—" They are always here,"

said she to Madame de L...., placing her hand upon her heart: "the remembrance of these illustrious victims follows me every where, my dear lady. How ill it makes me! I wish to think of them no more, yet I cannot succeed; for the sight of my husband always recalls to me the moment of their suffering." From hence sprung that secret melancholy, which it required every effort to conceal, and which sorrows of another kind tended much, a few years afterwards, to augment. However, this secret coldness of Josephine towards her husband, a change which I have watched through all its gradations, was always unknown to the people about the court. Buonaparte (and at that I am astonished) was the only person, as far as I could ascertain, who

perceived that his wife bore no longer the same conduct towards him; but he was very far from penetrating into the true motives of the alteration; he attributed it solely to the dignity of his new rank, and he thus wrote to her on the 5th Vendemiare, in the year thirteen:

"Madam, and dear wife,

"After what I had said to my brother, I expected, on my return, to have found you at the Thuilleries. For some time past, Malmaison seems to be doubly dear to you; but surely the blaze of royalty cannot keep you at a distance from your husband. If, however, respect and reserve are the duties of all who surround me, yet these obligations are not made for you. The greater the burthen of public af-

fairs becomes, the more occasion have I for your presence. It is not the emperor who desires your return, it is he who is always your husband.

NAPOLEON."

In reading all the letters from Buonaparte to his wife, I have always been surprised at their style, and the sentiments which they contained. Indeed, this man, to whom Heaven had refused human feeling, seems always to have found some fragments of it when he wrote to his first consort. It is absolutely certain, that Buonaparte loved Josephine as much as the coldness of his heart could permit him to love anybody; but although he has divorced her, yet that circumstance, weighty as it is, does not overturn the

point which I have set up. It might indeed be considered of some import, if the question was respecting any other person than Napoleon himself; but can an ambitious man, he who would not have hesitated to sacrifice his God for the accomplishment of his designs, can he be supposed to be checked by human considerations?

If the change which took place in the conduct of Madame Buonaparte really did credit to her heart, yet that was not the case with the ready metamorphosis of the courtiers. I know that a throne, whoever may fill it, demands a peculiar ceremonious etiquette, which no man who approaches it can divest himself of; but that is far distant from the duties demanded by the

baseness of servility—far distant from acts of the vilest adulation!

If the splendor of a diadem needs to be softened by the gentler virtues and social qualities of him who wears it, we are even better pleased to find these in the people who surround the monarch.

Buonaparte, once seated on the throne, absolute master of all, and totally incapable of becoming a good prince, now gave the rein to all his vices, and to all his bad qualities; so that surly haughtiness, harshness, disdain, contempt for all others, perfidy, hypocrisy, and cruelty, formed that model on which men, weak enough to ape the tyrant, began to fashion themselves; and of these the

number was very great. Some among them, it is true, were not naturally formed for this degraded state of vileness; but interest, circumstances, custom, and *honours,* habituated them to it; so that in a short time, pliability, culpable obedience, and low adulation, were engrafted upon them. From hence arose that incredible horde of little despots of all classes, even from the arch chancellor down to the lowest understrapper of the government.

This culpable condescension to the slightest manifestations of the tyrant's will was the secondary cause of the greatest proportion of those crimes and misfortunes which hung so heavy upon France during the whole reign of Buonaparte. He had really in his character every thing that constitutes

the true despot; but he never would have developed that character with such rapidity and boldness, if he had met with obstacles either in the first bodies of the state, or in the courage and honesty of his counsellors; and I will assert, that our calamities, and those of Europe at large, would have been much less numerous, if, in his councils, Buonaparte had often been opposed by such men as the senator Lanj....

On one occasion, when he consulted him respecting the laying on of a new tax, the whole of whose basis were arbitrary and oppressive: "Your Majesty," answered this intrepid senator, without hesitation, "seems then to forget, that an excess on the part of the strongest power, may be closely

allied with its desolution. Your plan is intolerable and vexatious, depend upon it: those who have advised you to adopt it, are not your friends; and if the senate does its duty, your Majesty may expect that it will be thrown out."

Four persons, who were present at this scene, were stupified with astonishment, trembled for the senator, and believed him lost. The Emperor even looked at him for some time from head to foot, and seemed seeking for an answer; but at length said to him:— "You are, for once, too forward; and if I did not know the love you bear your country, you should sleep to-night at Vincennes."

"Your Majesty would then act unjustly," said Lanj....

"I doubt that very much," said Buonaparte: and then addressing himself to the persons present—"I appeal to you, gentlemen; but let the matter rest: a worthy man, when he commits an error, deserves to be excused."

I shall not recite many more of such anecdotes under the reign of Napoleon. If the boldness of the subject was astonishing, the moderation of the prince was incredible, when we consider that this monarch was the most absolute despot of the age. But what adds more value and merit to this act of Monsieur Lanj.... is, that the Emperor spoke no more of his projected tax. This fact is then a proof that more courage displayed on the part of sovereign courts, more resistance on the part of the senate, and less sup-

pleness in his counsellors, would have obliged this monarch to respect the laws which he had sworn to observe, and the promises that he had given.—But no: almost all the individuals, called to the support of the laws and of the government of the state, had resumed the duties and the obligations of their offices; and with them, unfortunately, a blind obedience to the will of the sovereign. Yet this almost general corruption of all the members of an infant government might have been easily foreseen. Perhaps, indeed, in the circumstances in which they were placed, it could not have been otherwise. Investigate this idea, which only admits of one doubt, and it will be speedily seen that it takes all the consistency of truth. Almost all the individuals,

whom Buonaparte drew around him, the greatest part of those whom he called to his councils, the majority of his ministers, and of his generals, his own family, all these persons, in short, had a future to provide for, had fortunes and offices to preserve. The very basis, the source of all favours, of all hopes, were in the monarch. If he had been virtuous, the usurpation would have been more tolerable, because that his ministers would not have been so often constrained to be unjust; but, unhappily, he was vicious, cruel, despotic, and wicked, so that it necessarily followed that his agents, preferring self-interest to honour, resembled him, some more, and some less.

In short, the vices of the prince cor-

rupted his subjects, and the personal interest of the subjects made them offer incense to the crimes of the prince. The pest of adulation was not confined within the limits of the court or of the government, but all classes were infected with it, even to the pulpit and the bar,—nay, foreigners themselves did not escape it.

I have collected many pieces in prose, and also in verse, addressed to Napoleon, celebrating his genius, his exploits, and his virtues, which, if published, might very justly be entitled, a "complete course of adulation and of baseness," but shall at present only make some remarks upon one which is called an Ode to Napoleon;* of which I

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* *Note by the Translator.*—It would be a waste of time and patience to attempt to give a

shall not presume to judge by the laws of poetic merit, leaving the task to critics in the art; but I am confident that in no language can be found a parallel to the two last stanzas.

The Emperor, to whom the author procured the ode to be presented by

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poetic dress in English to this curious morceau, which, however, when set down in plain prose, will have nearly as much Parnassian fire, as it possesses in the original.

"Muse! retire! thou troublest me. I am busy celebrating an hero, who is the master of fortune, and the pride of the universe; muse, retire! I should be mortified with *thy* assistance —but stop one moment! harkye—*his* genius inspires my verses.

"Oh! haughty monarchs! who dare to be ignorant that heaven has created him to be your master; tremble at his wrath. He speaks, he sets off, he thunders: when, rapid as the lightning's flash your numerous squadrons shall be instantly levelled with the dust, and you upon your knees.

Monsieur the Count de M. was a little confused at the gigantic air of the hyperboles. He shewed it the next day to the Duke de R. and will it be believed that he had the courtesy to say, "These hyperboles form the inherent character of lyric poetry; they alone

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"You are pardoned: whence then this new clamour? Wherefore again in arms? Russians! what do you wish for? To shed more tears? Oh superfluous armaments. Less rapid is the lightning than your defeats shall be. Oh *frozen* soldiers of the Czar, go back to your retreats and appear no more.

"Kings, whom he has replaced on thrones, come out from your dark caverns where the thistle only grows, and where rubbish only is to be found; look at his palaces, where the Seine, confined to the centre of the land, rolls towards the citizens its salutary water, which never ceases to flow.

"Imprudent! where goest thou upon those rocks of ice! but what matter! a road is now open to them, and I may safely travel there.

constitute its sole merit; the man who writes it ought to be mad, and this author seems in that predicament."

"The high and estimable qualities of your Majesty," replied the Duke, "have exalted his imagination; and the earth not appearing to him a re-

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How many kings have caused this wonder? one —one alone has performed this miracle. He who overcame the obstacles, and ground to dust the rocks of the Simplon.

"What then! simple and modest in the lap of victory, Demi-god of the human race, do you wish to bound your glory with giving laws to us? No, raise thy views towards the seat of thunder; Jupiter there grows pale; declare war against him, and his throne will be your's.

"As soon as thy genius has scaled those limits which hitherto heaven has put to the power of mortals, then shalt thou equal the gods themselves: march at their side; their profound wisdom cannot refuse to thee the sceptre of the universe and immortality.

compence worthy of your virtues and your exploits, he has seized the domain of the gods. For my own part, I consider it as an effusion of the utmost beauty, and, above all, strictly lyrical."

Judge now, impartial reader, which of the two, the poet or the courtier, was the greatest flatterer! How much more do I admire the humourous reproach which the Prince de N. applied to the author, in speaking of this ode, of which he had heard something. —"Ah, for pity's sake, sir, we have enough to do upon the earth; do not set us at war with the gods also."

Is it surprizing, surrounded by so many flatterers, that a man so vain as Buonaparte, should have believed himself the first of mortals? that he should

have conceived the project of giving laws to half the world, and that he should have lost himself in this foolish undertaking? No! nothing is more easily to be credited than his ambitious dreams! His brain, naturally too weak, could not support the clouds of incense which continually besieged it. He became drunk with it, and soon this *vapourous* disposition became a natural habit. Yet, notwithstanding this, there were moments when the grossness of the incense made him reject it. I appeal to the shade of the poet Esm....

He once offered to Buonaparte to compose for him a genealogy, in which he should prove to the most incredulous, that he was sprung from the kings of the Ostrogoths. "I thank you," replied the Emperor, "but I

find myself more honoured by the stock of Buonaparte. My family ought not to date from any era but that of the eighteenth of Brumaire!"

In the midst of this torrent of false eulogy, and contemptible adulation, the Emperor had often occasion to prove to himself, that all the world did not think of him exactly in the same manner; and more than once he was convinced that many people only considered him as an usurper, whose sole motive was self-interest. One of his sweetest pleasures, because by it he found means to taste the sweets of vengeance, was to penetrate into the secret opinions of those whom he suspected of being inimical to his elevation and his plans.

I have long ago seen a list of people

in the metropolis, who had interested themselves in the fate of Moreau; five of these, in particular, were specially recommended to the inspection of the Sieur B. D...., one of the most dangerous myrmidons of the secret police. This is the man of whom the Emperor said, " He is a lion; he is a lamb; he is a bird, or a creeping reptile: a judge if that is wanted, or an informer if you wish it; and an executioner, where no other can be found—*Monsieur le Ministre*—this man is a treasure."

It was to the sagacity of such an agent that were recommended Messrs. T. O...., D'. T...., T. N...., D. e., and G...i.; and on the margin of the order respecting them, there was written by Buonaparte him-

self, "Enquire if their relatives are numerous; if the persons connected with them are rich, or if they possess either civil or military employs: whether they have numerous or respectable friends; enquire also if they have expectations of support from their connexions, and what they would be likely to do in case strong measures were applied towards them; but at all events do not neglect the raking up and getting possession of their private correspondence."——And so strictly was this order obeyed, that for a long time, these five persons never received a letter by the post that had not been opened.

I must not omit, however, that in the number of those who were directed to spy into their correspondence,

there was one person who rendered them considerable services. Whether this was through friendship, or only self-interest, I know not, but it is not the less true, that he has often caused both expressions and correspondences, that might have compromised them, to be considered as insignificant trifles, thus proving that it is a good thing to have friends even amongst devils.

I mentioned this circumstance to the person himself, who assured me that he would have given much at that time to have been able to warn these gentlemen of the dangers which hung over them, but he could not do it, so much was he afraid himself of being watched; and this was indeed very true, for all the agents in any great secret affair, were always sur-

rounded by spies. However it may have been, it was a kind of miracle that these gentlemen were not deprived of their liberty, particularly Monsieur G. i., respecting whom it was not thought sufficient to deprive him of his office; but they meant even to throw him into prison, the order for which was actually made out. I have read it twice; and on the night of the 13th and 14th Vendemiare, in the year thirteen, that legislator was to have been arrested and conducted, under a strong escort, to the Castle of Lourde, situated, I believe, somewhere in the Pyrennees.

I know not who caused the revocation of the order, but if strong suspicions may fill up the place of uncertain truths, I believe it was the senator F—e;

and at all events, if I have guessed right, and this Memoir should fall into his hands, I intreat him to publish all the particulars of this affair, which undoubtedly would redound much to his honour, and would add another claim to that justice which an approving public owes to him.

Buonaparte, whilst concerting with C. the means proper for placing the crown upon his own head, wished also that it should become hereditary in his own family. He was not indeed ignorant that the constitution required that the people should be consulted with respect to the decree concerning the establishment of an hereditary government, and he therefore agreed to submit this latter part of that procedure to the French nation. " The constitution of

the Empire," said C. to him, shaking his head, " requires this sanction, I know; but, to conceal nothing from you, it is absolutely necessary that this great business must only be conducted as a formality, with a moral certainty of its success; for, otherwise, the most perplexing circumstances might arise out of it. The metropolis, indeed, need give us no concern; for, there are all the friends of your glory: the public mind is there entirely in your favour: intrigue is there in irons, and if any individual dared to raise his voice, a thousand mouths would open to call him to order: but in the country, it is quite a different thing. Intriguers of all parties, in opposition to the proposed system, will repair thither, and by labouring hard with the people and

the authorities, may in a moment collect an imposing mass of opinions against the hereditary question; and that must be prevented."

"Your reasoning is very solid, I must confess," replied Buonaparte; "but I may observe to you, that we have a number of agents in all the departments: that all their reports accord in assuring us that the public mind is in excellent order for our purposes, and that whatever we ask, we may be certain of obtaining."

"I agree to all that," said the acute courtier, "but in affairs of this nature, we must leave nothing to chance: and indeed, whenever it is possible to avoid leaving any thing to the turn of a die, it would be unpardonable to risk it."

This tenacity of opinion on the part

of Buonaparte's first partizan flattered the Emperor extremely; for it was an indubitable proof of what he might expect from such a man; so that he said to him: "in thanking you, sir, very sincerely for the lively interest that you take in my prosperity, I beg that you will point out to me what means you think necessary to avoid those dangers which may result from requiring the sanction of the people." "There is but one mode," said the minister, "of attaining that end; but I only propose that mode to you, because it shuts out any others that wisdom itself might offer to us. This it is.—In the mode projected for the sanction of the people, relative to the hereditary government, it must be assumed as a principal article, that whoever does not inscribe

his name, as an opposer of that form of government, shall be considered as approving of it; so that no absolute opposition to the hereditary succession can be declared, except by the number of votes that may be inscribed for its rejection."

This proposition agreed too well with the ambitious projects of Buonaparte, not to be instantly adopted; and, after some slight modification, the proposed article was resolved on: so that the decree, as submitted for the sanction of the people, was nothing more than an empty formality, or rather an insulting *pasquinade* towards those whose opinions it professed to consult.

It is also certain that this courtier, whilst taking so much interest in

Buonaparte's affairs, did not forget his own, as, in the end, he became one of the first personages in the government. It was about this time that a foreigner played him a most perfidious and desperate trick; particularly so, indeed, as played off upon a follower of the court; a man who was a flatterer by profession, and the first counsellor of his master. Monsieur C.... was always very fond of great dinners, and at one of these repasts the Abbé .... introduced to him a man of genteel appearance, under the name of Count Petrowlow, a Russian by birth. This man spoke French fluently, appeared very well informed on all subjects, but particularly so in the science of cabinets. Monsieur C.... received him with great consideration, and asked him

many questions, principally relative to the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia, with respect to the new dignity of Napoleon. The pretended Russian, (for such be was, being afterwards ascertained to be a Jew from Lubeck,) after excusing himself very handsomely, hesitated to unbosom himself respecting an affair of such high importance; nevertheless, he took care to let it appear, even in his refusal, that his reserve was not to be eternal. He even added—"You would have, sir, a very poor opinion of me, if, at a first interview, I could have the weakness to divulge the secrets of my court, even if I knew them."—C.... pretended to applaud his delicacy, and ended by inviting him to visit him frequently. The stranger neither refused nor promised to accept

the invitation given to him, but merely said that business of some importance had brought him to France, so that he would have very little time to dedicate to any thing else; but, however, he would not go away without seeing him. They then parted, the best friends in the world, and the next morning C.... set off in a violent hurry to inform Buonaparte of the important acquaintance which he had just made, and particularly of the measures he meant to found on it, if he could once succeed in making his new friend unbosom himself with respect to the sentiments of his court towards France.

Buonaparte was much pleased with the project of his favourite.—"This man," said he, "is a jewel to us at the present moment. If he will only

blab, then we shall ascertain what credit is to be given to the information of our ambassador with respect to that subject." Five days however passed, without any news of the Russian count, so that Monsieur C.... sent for the Abbé who had introduced him: he went to the favourite, and assured him that he had never see him since the day on which he presented him, and when questioned how and by what means he had become acquainted with him, the Abbé answered, that having called on Monsieur Queslay, at the Hotel Richelieu, chance had brought them together: that the manners, the conversation, and, above all, the knowledge of the stranger, had charmed him; and that knowing the great partiality which Monsieur C.... had for well-informed

men, he had felt a true pleasure in introducing him. "It is one," said the favourite, "it is true, I confess, that you have procured for me. I only regret that I cannot enjoy it more frequently. Endeavour to find him out; and bring him to dinner this very afternoon with you." The abbé did not wait to be twice asked, but ran instantly to the Hotel Richelieu. What then was his surprize at seeing the stranger's trunks all packed up, and he ready for setting off!—But after expressing to him his astonishment at such a speedy departure, he asked him the reason of it. "Don't speak of it," said the pretended Russian. "I am quite in despair, as I did not suppose that I should have occasion for so much money as was required to

settle the affairs that brought me to Paris; so that I have now no more than what is barely necessary to convey me with decency to where I am known. I have indeed some countrymen here, who would refuse me nothing; but it is of the utmost importance to me that they should not know of my being at Paris. I will confess to you also that I am under a false name; but I entreat you to keep my secret faithfully. Make my excuses to Monsieur C.; tell him that nothing but the urgency of my affairs could have forced me to neglect the promise which I made of not setting off without seeing him."—"Not so, sir," said the abbé: "we must not lose you in that manner; on the contrary, I am come to invite you to dinner at Monsieur C's request;

and I am fain to believe, that for my sake, you will not refuse this invitation, even if it was not proper to acquit yourself for the very handsome manner in which he has already received you."

"Monsieur L'Abbé," replied the pseudo nobleman, "I am quite in despair at being obliged to refuse you, but I cannot act otherwise. The carriage and horses are engaged; moreover, I have written to my friends, and on a certain day they will expect me."

The abbé took great pains, even to insist on a compliance with his request, but did not succeed, and on his return to Monsieur C. gave him an account of its mission and its failure—"What," exclaimed C. "must this

young nobleman set off in such a hurry, because his funds are deficient? Fly quickly, Monsieur L'Abbé; kill the horses, if necessary; tell him that the reasons which he alleges must have no weight with him. Let him come here; and I shall never pardon him, if he deprives me of the pleasure of rendering him so slight a service."

The abbé, on his return to the Hotel Richelieu, found the stranger in the same disposition for setting off, and then stated to him, word for word, what had passed with C. After numberless difficulties, the *count* consented to see the minister, merely, as he said, to thank him for his civilities, and then to take his leave; for he did not wish all the world to know that he had been obliged to contract debts in

France. He now accompanied the abbé to Monsieur C.; and the latter, as soon as he saw him, cried out—"Come, ungrateful sir, if all your countrymen think as you do, they do us a great injury in supposing that we are incapable of conferring an obligation upon an honourable man."—"Pardon me, sir; I do your country all the justice which it deserves; but, scarcely known to you, and not desiring to be so by any one else just at this crisis, you must excuse me if I take the only step which honour permits."—"What! you are resolved then? Come, come, what a strange man! But let us retire to my cabinet, and there we shall settle this business."

The Russian, after many entreaties,

confessed that his only reason for setting off was, that he might collect about twenty thousand francs, which he yet required, in order to terminate some very important affairs in that capital, and more particularly so in the Duchy of Deux Ponts.

C. instantly made him an offer of the sum required, even of more, if necessary; but the hypocritical stranger still persisted in refusing to accept of it: at length, however, he consented to receive twenty-four thousand francs in notes, which were instantly counted out to him, and for which he offered his receipt; that however Monsieur C. would not take. After this, he received permission to return to his hotel, to contradict the orders for his departure; but that permission was

only granted him upon condition that he would return in an hour, as dinner should not be served up until his arrival. He found no difficulty in revoking the orders that he had given; for of all he had said, nothing was true except the lashing up of his trunks, so that he was exact in fulfilling his promise: thirty minutes served him to go and return: the dinner was delightful, and the wine delicious.

The servants had orders to spare no civility towards the young nobleman; he was not, however, to be duped by the eagerness with which his glass was often filled; but as he was a man who could drink his bottle, he did not attempt to baulk the toasts. On rising from table, the company retired into

the saloon, when C. adroitly drew the young man into a corner, where he made him a thousand offers of service, and then led him insensibly to the point of enquiring if the Court of Russia looked with a favourable eye upon the crown of France thus placed upon the head of Buonaparte, and whether the Emperor of Russia yet retained any friendship for the Bourbons.

The stranger, who was prepared for all these questions, pretended for a moment some embarrassment with respect to answering them: he made some delicate hesitation; but at length said to him—"Sir, it would be ungrateful to your kindness, if I were to keep an absolute silence with respect to the questions you have just put to me; nevertheless, if it was your intention

to make me purchase, by culpable indiscretion the service that you have rendered me, I should be silent, and I would instantly repay you; but I believe you incapable of such a measure." C. attempted to interrupt him, in order to fortify this last sentiment. "Do not interrupt me, sir; I believe your probity, without asseveration; and I am now going to prove it to you, inasmuch as I shall entrust you with more confidential communications than you require of me. You wish to know the sentiments of the Russian Court upon the new dignity which Buonaparte is upon the point of assuming. Another person might perhaps say that he knew nothing upon the subject; but the reception you have given me, and your exertions in my favour, make

it my duty to give you some details on that subject—details of more importance, because that my name, my birth, and the access that I have to the ministers themselves, have always enabled me to penetrate into the secrets of the cabinet. However, sir, you will pardon me one restriction that I must lay upon you. I have reason to believe that you are the most intimate counsellor of Buonaparte: it is therefore clear that you will acquaint him with the confidential communications which I now make to you; and that ought to be so, for the sole reason, that he is personally interested in them. These secrets, therefore, are of a nature that well deserve to be well weighed, and will be susceptible also of certain developements, which

it is impossible that I could lay before you in a simple conversation. Permit me then, sir, to reduce to writing all that I can tell you of the present situation of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh: I shall make a large packet of it, which you may, yourself, deliver to Buonaparte; for I confess to you that it will flatter me much that he should have the first fruits of my communications."

This procedure, to be sure, was not, at the bottom, the most complimentary to Monsieur C., as it did not seem to mark for him all the confidence he had a right to expect, after the manner in which he had conducted himself towards this stranger; the importance of the affair, however, made him silently pass over this little mortification:

moreover, as the whole was to be communicated to Buonaparte, it was of little consequence to him that it should be sent in a sealed packet, for he was always certain of being acquainted with the contents. He reflected also that this writing would be a thing to which he might always have recourse when there was occasion, and he therefore acquiesced with a good grace in the conditions proposed by the young stranger, who requested of him two days for the completing of his task.

Monsieur C. was never more satisfied than with the turn of this negociation; for, said he to himself, communications given in writing must be accurate and of some importance, and he therefore hastened the next morning to give Buonaparte a detailed account of

the whole affair, who much applauded the determination of the stranger to reduce to writing the confidential communications which he proposed to make. The Count Petrowlow was faithful to his word, and two days afterwards presented to Monsieur C. a packet closed with many seals, telling him that he waited with impatience for the opinion which Buonaparte would pass upon his labours. "As soon as I am acquainted with his opinion," said Monsieur C. to him, "I shall hasten to let you know it; at all events, come here to-morrow. Buonaparte is at Saint Cloud; I shall go there early, and in the evening I will give you an answer."

The noble Russian retired; and the next morning, early, Monsieur C. ar-

rived at Saint Cloud, where he found Buonaparte, alone, sitting in a recess. "Here," said C. "are the papers which our man has promised us." Buonaparte took the packet and retired towards a window; but he had scarcely been there three minutes, when, uttering an execration, he threw the papers into the middle of the apartment, exclaiming, "There, sir, read that; there you will see a pretty trick; there you will see what a rascal you have had to do with!"

C., thunderstruck, and even trembling, knew not what to think of this scene, particularly of Buonaparte's rage. I gathered up the papers which were scattered over the floor, but they were nothing more than blank paper, with the exception of one sheet, on which there was something written. I pre-

sented it to Monsieur C., who began to read; but at every word, at every sentence, he changed colour: he was, indeed, almost ready to faint, and the silence of Buonaparte did not serve to recover him.

"Well, sir, what think you of this horrible business?"

"I am unable to answer you: permit me to sit down."

"He is a villain, whom we must secure."

"Yes, for he has tricked me also out of twenty-four thousand francs."

"How so?" exclaimed Buonaparte; when C. informed him of the price at which he had bought the pretended count.

"There," said Buonaparte, "is another pretty business. It is the very

depth of rascality; but, perhaps, they will be able to lay hold of him."

"I doubt it: he has already gained thirty hours of us."

"You are right; but give to me his infamous scribbling, and I shall take such measures as will find him out, whatever may be his place of refuge;" on which Monsieur C. as much at a loss as a fox in a trap, retired with great precipitation.

The hope of vengeance calmed Buonaparte's apparent anger; but that hope was deceived, for all the researches made after this ingenious swindler were useless. They only learned, on strong suspicion, that he was a Jew, and that he had retired into the territory of the Grand Seignor, where he embraced the Mahometan religion. Sometime after-

wards, I had an opportunity of seeing the letter which gave so much offence to Buonaparte and his friend.

Thus it was, word for word:

"I am asked what is the disposition of the court of St. Petersburgh with respect to the present state of affairs in France: all Europe knows that in a fortnight Napoleon Buonaparte will be declared Emperor of the French. It is wished to know what the Emperor of Russia thinks of this new dignity. It is also wished to know what are the opinions of the Russian cabinet with respect to the military and political conduct of Buonaparte. An answer to these several questions would fill a volume, if I were to enter into all the details relative to such subjects; but I shall confine myself to answer specifi-

cally to each of these aforesaid questions. For fifteen years, France has destroyed the equilibrium of Europe. The fluctuation of its government has caused that versatility of diplomacy in other cabinets. Their victories have reduced many states to desire peace most ardently. Even Russia, one of those powers which has suffered least, desires it most sincerely, and manifests the same pacific dispositions. The prosperity of France, far from giving umbrage to Russia, is on the contrary useful to her silly jealousy of some bordering states: a jealousy only six months old. The humiliation of Austria to a certain point pretty well bounds the secret desires of the St. Petersburgh cabinet: moreover, it does not see with pleasure, that Prussia

affects to be considered as the first military power in Europe.

"As to the sentiments of the Emperor of Russia in respect to the crown which Buonaparte is about to place upon his own head, I can aver that he is nearly upon the point of acknowledging him as a brother monarch. As to all the honour which has been done to the cause of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII. is nothing more than a consecrated idol, which the policy of Europe cannot replace in its proper temple. Buonaparte, in placing himself upon the throne of France, gives to his own government a principle of steadiness which offers a pleasing assurance to the Emperor of Russia, in permitting him to execute, at his leisure, his projects against Turkey.

"Finally, it is wished to know what reputation Buonaparte bears in Russia, and what is generally thought of him there. One fact will be a sufficient answer to this question.

"When they learnt at St. Petersburgh the melancholy death of the Duke d'Enghien, there was but one cry against the assassin. The blood of that victim sullied all the laurels of the conqueror of Marengo.

"The public esteem gave place to general execration, and during the service performed at St. Petersburgh, in honour of the memory of that unfortunate prince, all hearts partook of the sentiments in the following inscription, which was placed upon his Cenotaph.

"*Inclyto principi Ludovico-Antonio-Henrico Borbonio-Condæo, Duci d'Enghien, non*

minùs propria et avita virtute quàm sorte funestâ claro; quem devoravit bellua Corsica, Europæ terror et totius humani generis lues."

"To the illustrious Prince, Louis-Anthony-Henry Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, not less admirable for his private virtues than for his melancholy death; being devoured by that ferocious Corsican Beast, the terror of Europe, and the pest of the human race."

Buonaparte now prepared to give to his new dignity all that splendour of which it was susceptible; and he wished at first, after the usage of our ancient kings, to be consecrated at Rheims; but he was afraid that Pope Pius VII. would make some difficulties, and would not permit a bishop to prostitute the sacred ministry for this ceremony. However, the Pope, to

whom he had given previous intimation of this affair, made him a very satisfactory answer upon the subject. Notwithstanding, he had communicated his fears respecting it to General L....., who answered, "If I was in your Majesty's place, I would leave the vicar of Jesus Christ to sit quietly upon his stool, and would do whatever I wished at home, and by my own authority. We live no longer in those times when the holy oil was an article of faith. That form, moreover, is not absolutely required. There are monarchs who reign very well without it—witness Spain, and several others."

"That," replied the new monarch, "is reasoning like a soldier; but do you forget that there are five-and-twenty millions, to whom I am to give laws,

of whom at least eighteen millions consist of fools, pedants, and old women, who would not believe me to be a legitimate sovereign, if the *grease* of the Lord did not fall upon me. In a case so peremptory, we must not neglect to dazzle the eyes of the many:—*splendor always prevents reflection.*"

"I feel that, as well as you do," replied the courtier; "but permit me to tell you, that you will do much injury to your plans, if, after asking the concurrence of the holy father, you should meet with a refusal."

"What do you speak of—a refusal? The Pope dares it not. The good things of this world touch him as nearly as those of Heaven. I know Pope Pius VII. I took measure of him during the concordat."

"He is an *Italian*, cunning, sly."

"Well, well, general, I shall be glad to convince you that the father of the faithful gives me no trouble, and that I know how to model him to my wishes. No, I shall not cause myself to be consecrated at Rheims: a simple archbishop shall not lay hands on me. The Emperor of the French ought only to kneel before the vicar of God. I can assure you then that I shall be consecrated in my own capital, that Pope Pius VII. shall travel from Rome to Paris in order to preside at that important ceremony. Great promises upon certain points, and great honours to be shewn both on the road and at Paris, will be sufficient to bring hither that holy man."

The next day General L. whilst re-

lating this affair to the Abbé G. said to him, " It is impossible to believe that such is his design. He has treated the whole affair so cavalierly, that I can only consider it as a joke." In the end, however, General L. learnt that he but little knew his master; and that he, even whilst apparently joking, had said nothing that he did not intend to do, and which he did not actually accomplish. Buonaparte, whilst waiting the arrival of his holiness, gave the most particular orders for the magnificent celebration of the ceremony. He wished to have at his new court a ceremonial worthy of its master; but he did not expect to find in France a man sufficiently acquainted with the details of such an affair; therefore Turin furnished him with a Monsieur

S. and I confess that he could not have hit upon a man fitter for his purpose. Monsieur S. is that man, in the world, the most starched and minute. I know not if this great master of ceremonial and of etiquette had modelled his instructions upon the caprices of princes, but the ceremonial of the court of France was an extravagant despotism, of a frozen severity, and extended from the lowest understrapper amongst the footmen, up to the first gentleman of the household. If it had only been possible to regulate people's thoughts, Buonaparte would have been the best attended prince in christendom.

Can it be believed, that this grand guide and director of curvettes and of counted steps, really thought sincerely that a man must be a philosopher, in

order to attain a thorough knowledge of the sublimity of his ceremonial. "Before we can regulate the ceremonial of a court," said he, "we must have an absolute knowledge of the monarch; we must know his degree of power, his caprices, his customs, also his courtiers and favourites; but, above all, his mistresses, if he has any. A superficial man may doubt those truths, and may laugh at me if he pleases—what is that to me?" It is not the less true, that a good master of the ceremonies at the court of Henry IV. would have been an indifferent one at that of Napoleon.

However it may be, Buonaparte himself was not less anxious to enter into almost all the details of the grand spectacle which he wished to give to

the good citizens of Paris; a circumstance rather surprising with respect to him, as he well knew that such details were unworthy of his character: but perhaps it must be confessed, that there was something so agreeable to him in these trifles, that he could not resist them, though he still avoided as much as possible the being known to occupy himself with these minutiæ.

It was particularly with respect to the choice of dresses, and in the decorations of the coronation coach, that he shewed himself most difficult to be pleased. A whole heap of models were laid before him before he could satisfy himself; and the difficulties which the crowd of coach-makers had to encounter in fixing him at last to a model, produced a scene of considerable amuse-

ment, and which did much honour to the new monarch; for I cannot deny that he then manifested some flashes of greatness of soul, and some sparks of moderation worthy of a Titus!

One morning Buonaparte was talking with his brother Joseph, in a bow window which looked into the garden of the Thuilleries. The late Monsieur D.... and L.... were passing by, and D.... picked up a sealed letter, the direction of which was printed, and ran thus:—"To his Majesty the Emperor;" and upon the opposite side was written, "affairs relative to the coronation coach." D...., a wise and prudent man, meant to put it into his pocket, and take another opportunity of opening it, when he might present it to the Emperor, if the contents de-

served that trouble; but his friend objected, and said that as the direction on the back of the letter could not be suspected, he might at once open it, and see the contents. More through complaisance than otherwise, D.... opened the letter; but judge of his indignation on reading three shocking couplets, of which, however, I could never procure more than the first; and here is its purport:—

"*Advice to the different inventors of the models for the coronation coach.*

"Gentlemen,—The coronation coach ought to be worthy of Cæsar. Your models are nothing more than hackney coaches, fit only for carrying a man to the gallows; but learn that a chariot for the Great Napoleon is not to be

constructed by a paltry coachmaker—no! *it ought to be made by a cartwright!*"

The first act of Monsieur D.... was to thrust the letter into his pocket, to have an early opportunity of burning it; this was done, and the affair would have passed unnoticed, if Joseph had not called his brother's attention to the scene. "We must know what it is," said he; "let these gentlemen be brought in." They were introduced, and after some conversation relative to the business of their offices, the Emperor said to them—"Pray, gentlemen, may it be asked without indiscretion, what are the contents of the letter which you have picked up under that window."

At this question, Monsieur D....

became pale, and his friend was in the greatest embarrassment; however, the first spoke, and told the Emperor that it was merely a trifling paper. "If so, you may then shew it to me."—"But, Sire! I have thrown it away."—"Not so, sir, for you put it in your left pocket. Stop, my friend—you cannot tell a lie; the paleness of your countenance, the hesitation of your answers, and the embarrassment of Monsieur L..—are all proofs that this letter has some reference to me. I would believe—" "Your Majesty, I would fain believe, knows the attachment which I bear towards your royal person. Your Majesty, I trust, will believe, that if I have hesitated in giving to you the paper which I found, it is merely because it could not be of any service to you. Yes,

Sire, in assuring you upon my honour, that this note is not a state secret, and that its contents cannot be of the slightest interest to your Majesty, I assure you also, that if you insist upon my giving it up, you will cause to me a most sensible mortification, and one which I deserve not to suffer."—" I never, sir, intended to vex you; but this heat—of what nature is the writing?"—" Sire, it is some verses."—" In that case, if they relate to yourself, I am wrong in asking to see them; if they regard me, I must believe that I owe your refusal to your good will. These are but some silly verses it is true; but although that kind of writing gives me very little concern, yet I am not the less sensible of the merit of your proceedings. Would to God that

all those who surround thrones, thought and felt as you do! How many useless chagrins would kings then avoid! and how many indiscretions would escape being punished as crimes!"

These last words seemed to come so much from the heart, that five persons who were present were all much affected by them; and the Emperor added:—"I intreat you, gentlemen, not to let this affair be known."—"Ah, Sire," answered Monsieur de V....., with his usual gaiety, "do you wish to rob the daily papers? What a fine article, when all this shall have passed through the hands of their editors!"

"It is precisely for that reason," said the Emperor, "that I ask for secrecy; for they would labour so

much on the copy, that it would lose all resemblance of the original."

In writing memoirs like these, one experiences a sweet pleasure whilst recording such occurrences; it is like being in the midst of an arid plain under a burning sun, and there to find a shady spot, beneath whose foliage flows and murmurs a cool and limpid stream. It is unfortunate that similar acts were uncommon during Buonaparte's reign. It is also very rare to find a courtier like Monsieur D..... If the rascality of those who were around him has, on some occasions, tarnished his actions with the appearance of dishonesty, it is not the less true, that in the eminent post which he held, he was one of the worthiest men of Buonaparte's court. He possessed the great art of telling truth to

his monarch, without hurting his feelings; with him, respect and eulogium often caused a remonstrance to be attended to, without at the same time destroying its effect: his silence on delicate points, or respecting unjust proceedings, was always a mark of his disapproval of them, but his features had not even then the expression of a splenetic censor, whose sourness hurts more than it reforms. "If you do a good action," he seemed to say, "you will oblige me." His maxim at court was, that "whoever accuses, is himself in the wrong." In short, this man was, at the court even of a despot, that which a truly honest man ought to be, and his glorious death was a real loss to the community.

The Pope at length arrived at Fon-

tainbleau, and the ceremony of the coronation was fast approaching. All the people at court had already learnt their parts, and got their state dresses ready, whilst even the very horses that were to draw the Imperial coach were trained to the ceremonial pace. In fact, the Emperor himself was the most embarrassed of all respecting his own deportment, and the task he had to go through. There existed not in France any tradition of the part which an usurper had to perform, nor of his formalities and gestures during his coronation. This part then must be quite a new creation; and however good an actor he might be, still the pantomime appeared to him extremely difficult: the grand mantle, but, above all, *the hand of justice* puzzled him most.

These remarks may appear too minute and trifling to the eyes of the generality of readers, but then they will be found very valuable to one who loves to observe human actions. The awkwardness of this Prince, in managing the attributes of his new dignity, is a convincing proof that he was not born to enjoy them ; and the embarrassment of his situation was a certain pledge that the throne was not his cradle. It is said that a man must be born an actor to enable him to represent various characters to the life ; and in like manner, it is necessary to be born a prince, in order to sit gracefully on a throne, and to play the part without constraint or stiffness. Buonaparte, nevertheless, after many rehearsals, at length thought himself suf-

ficiently perfect for the drawing up of the curtain. His wife, whom he had wished to perfect in the same grimaces, told him—" The nobleness of my sentiments will give me that expression suitable to my new dignity: I shall be worthy of you."—But if he insisted no further upon that article, still he could not keep from preparing her for the coronation ceremony, by a set discourse, and one which deserves to find a place here.

" Madam," said he, in the presence of his two brothers, and of four of the grand dignitaries, " the wish of a great nation calls your husband to the first throne in the world. The affection which I bear to you, and an intimate knowledge of your truly royal qualities, have determined me to assimilate you

with myself in all the honours of supreme rank. The vicar of God is now about to give you the imposition of hands, and to consecrate your brows with a diadem.

"This august and sacred act imposes on you great virtues, and your's, madam, will learn to elevate themselves to the height of my destiny. My projects are immense, and the future prosperity of my people shall be almost incredible. I would refuse the throne, notwithstanding the splendour with which it surrounds me, if I were not certain of seeing the French the first people, not only of past and present times, but also the first nation amidst the train of future ages. This vast and sublime hope has metamorphosed my nature, and my soul feels

enlarged by it. My views see no limits, and my imagination has already leaped over the bounds of the known world. Oh! powerful monarchs! who give laws to innumerable people, the successor of Charlemagne must march in your first rank. The courage of his armies, and the genius of victory, shall create that thunder which shall be ready to blast the enemies of his just power!

"How sweet it will be to me, madam, to see the companion and sharer of my destinies rise to the level of my projects! If the sun dazzles us, yet still the stars glitter with a majestic brilliancy.

"I do not impose upon you merely the great qualities of the part you have to perform; I even regard you as the

model upon which shall be formed all the domestic virtues of my family, which ought, as well as you, to be worthy of me. I have great destinies in store for it. Formed upon your lessons, and upon your example, I am fain to believe that it will never be misplaced under the most fortunate circumstances.

"Inculcate, madam, and impress this expression of my will upon the hearts of your own children, and also of my sisters. Unfold to their view the sketch of future brilliant events. Nothing, I repeat it to you, ought to come short of my glorious intentions!"

During this discourse, the Empress seemed to have abandoned herself to a torrent of reflection. The boldness of the expressions, and the gigantic ex-

tent of the projects, terrified her soft and timid disposition. Her imagination instantly penetrated into a futurity of tempests ready to blacken the European horizon; and that painful sentiment threw a shade of grief over her countenance. A single sentence formed her answer; but that sentence was admirable for its laconic propriety—"I shall be," said Josephine, "all that I ought to be, as wife, queen, and mother."

I am not certain that this discourse was really Buonaparte's own; but, when it fell into my hands, it was in his own hand-writing. However it may be, he who does not reflect seriously at reading such passages, ought never to open a book. Ought not one to say, that if those who were present at

this harangue of the new Prince had truly loved their country, or had possessed any regard for the cause of humanity, they would instantly have pointed out that impetuous volcano, whose eruption was so soon to cover the continent with corpses and ashes! But no! placed near the crater, they knew well that the lava would launch them into an ocean of honours and wealth. This sea is dried up, I know; but what matter? They have nothing further to wish for, if they know how to be wise and content with superfluity.

I shall not describe the arrival of the Pope at Paris, the pomp with which he was received, or the crowds of people, more curious than Christian, who pressed round the Holy Father. Such

details form no part of these Memoirs: I have scarcely crayons enough to give a proper colour to the traits of Napoleon amidst these great events. The respect of the mob for the person of his Holiness shewed to him, at once, the conduct which he ought to pursue towards that august personage. His personal interest became then the guide to his policy; and Buonaparte admitted a religion: but solely because he believed it useful for the support of his throne. A religious ceremony was, to him, nothing more than a session of the legislative bodies to which his affairs called him; and the metropolitan cathedral of Notre Dame was nothing in his eyes but a part of that vast theatre in which he had to perform.

At this epoch, in particular, all his

conduct to the Pope was of the most studied kind; but interested hypocrisy paid him the expence of it. "I wish," said he to his aid-du-camp S, "to make him forget the indiscreet observation of Cardinal Pacca."

His eminence had said to the Holy Father, that Buonaparte, when simple Consul, had called his Holiness the generalissimo of his priestly army, and that the archbishops and cardinals were chiefs of brigade. The fact is true; and all those who were near Buonaparte know it as well as myself; however, circumstances had then forced the Holy Father to dissemble, on hearing of this insolent mode of joking, and the Emperor now spared no pains to induce him to forget it. At length the day of corona-

tion arrived; a day famous in the annals of the house of Buonaparte.

It will not be expected here that I should give the details of that pompous ceremony: these tiresome recitals may be found in all the newspapers of that date. I mean, however, to draw a sketch of it after my own manner, but the canvas shall be on so small a scale, that ennui shall not find a place in it.

In the season of hoar frosts, or in the month of December, 1804, the same people who had seen their monarch conducted as a martyr to the scaffold, again deserted, at break of day, their houses and their workshops; whilst the curious and giddy crowd pushed into all the streets, squeezed into all the squares, and trampled each other upon the quays: some hung on to the para-

pets of the bridges, and others by the bars of the windows; some paid for being hoisted up on frail scaffoldings ready to fall; whilst others scrambled up to the ridges of roofs, and bent over horrible chasms, without any other safeguard against a dreadful death than the support of a thin and slender slate. Why all this eagerness? Why brave so many dangers?

Look along those superb quays on the banks of the Seine, where, even from under that balcony whence Charles the XI. shot his unhappy subjects, you see advance a carriage glittering with gold. This elegant car, exquisite chef d'œuvre of art and taste, is drawn by eight coursers! If I can believe my eyes, the same dam must have foaled them all; the same skin, equal height,

similar pace, the same fieryness are to seen, and nothing among them that can mark a difference. Proud and mettlesome, they seem to be vain of their draught; the waving of their plumes eclipses them, and when they throw back their heads, it seems as if to get rid of them. Prancing and impetuous, they seem to foam under their rich harness, and the numerous grooms can scarcely restrain them.

What happy mortal occupies this magnificent chariot?—An obscure individual, sprung up from amidst the barren rocks of Corsica, from that soil even where Paoli saw his glory eclipsed. A son of obscure parents, whose education had even been begun through the beneficence of our kings; a being whose ambition has made for him both fortune and glory, and to whom these triumphs

are permitted by the weakness of the nation. You must surely smile at the charming picture of these groups of children suspended around the carriage; these are the sons of that crowd of heroes, who, for the last fifteen years, have made the world resound with the noise of their exploits.

These amiable youths now learn to obey under a master who has no right to be so to them. Then these numerous carriages, which follow the car of the new monarch; that brilliant and richly dressed multitude which sweep round him in a vortex; that is his new court.—Assemblage most sublime and most strange! Heroism and genius, merit and virtue, wisdom and courage, baseness and rascality, folly and vanity, avarice and intrigue; all—all are there!

Then follow the procession to the cathedral; and there you will see, but not without astonishment, a venerable pontiff the head of the church. First vicar of Jesus Christ, he has left the capital of the Christian world; and now his august hands are about to shed the oil of the Lord upon a mortal who defies all opposition. In one short hour, the ceremonies of religion shall have confirmed a Corsican upon the throne of Henry IV!

Behold it then done! Buonaparte has now leaped over that immense space which, at all times, he had wished to place between other men and himself. What mortal might not now have been satisfied! The first powers had recognized his new titles, and other monarchs were preparing themselves to

call him cousin. Whatever people may say, if he had chosen to reign agreeable to the constitution of the empire, and to the laws which he had sworn to observe, it is a fact that the grandsons of St. Louis would not for a long time have succeeded to the inheritance of their ancestors. The usurpation had received the seal of the different parties which it had extinguished; religion had consecrated it; victory and the aggrandisement of France spoke in its favour; and the very interests of the existing generation were interwoven with those of the usurper. What was the latter then in want of in order to give to his sceptre all the force of a legitimate power? A love to the country, bounds to his desires, but, above all, a wise economy of his force with

respect to his neighbours, whether weak or strong. But no! it could not be that he should act thus; and God did not wish to give a formal lie to the hereditary right of thrones. He permits that the usurper shall at once become a tyrant: then his ministers, alarmed and terrified, have no longer the power of shewing him the pit which he is digging even for himself: some even rejoice at seeing him run into it, for that is a sweet revenge for the cup of mortification which he made them drain to the very dregs. Soon a career of silly enterprizes is opened to him: and if wisdom or reason come, unasked, to advise him not to commit himself to the ocean without a pilot, then exile or contempt are their recompense. He threw himself into the

arena of gladiators, like a madman who demanded victims and not advice. His heart was deaf to the cries of blood, of religion, of nature, and of friendship, Who can chain a lion with flowery garlands? It is in the blood of the victims he has shed that he falls, and can rise no more; The cruel are never formed for friendship; their fury either drives their friends away, or causes them to perish in the fields of destruction. This is a truth, which Buonaparte has strongly proved: whilst fortunate he was followed, courted, and *feted;* in disgrace he was either abandoned or betrayed. It could not be otherwise; he had exhausted the patience of some, and glutted the avarice of others.

One of Napoleon's greatest faults

was his having doubted the stability of his reign when he first came to the throne, and the not having adopted a directly different course in his measures for consolidating his new power. It is true that the chains of despotism, perfidious tricks, and rigorous measures, agreed much better with his own natural disposition than either clemency or persuasion; but, in placing himself upon an usurped throne, ought he not to have foreseen that there would be an end to the schemes of the various parties? that hatred, slander, and calumny, would all fasten upon him; that the empoisoned arrow of libel would hiss at his head, and that all his power would be insufficient to shelter him from the sarcasms of a nation which

often did not even spare its legitimate monarchs?

Whilst only Consul, he sometimes despised anonymous injuries, and, indeed, often, clandestine menaces;—when on the throne, then, why did he not do the same? he would then have tired out the tongue of the one, and the pen of the others. But no! despotic, suspicious, and jealous, he wished to put even thought in fetters; to be acquainted with the secrets of all, and to make one half of his people be spies upon the remainder. It could only have belonged to the genius of a demon to institute and organize a high police as secret and as dangerous as that of which Buonaparte was the creator. Machiavel would vainly cite, in opposition, his

famous treatise. That work of digested crime would turn pale when compared with the institutions of Imperial *Espionage*. That dwarfish monster was hid from public view; but it had millions of arms occupied night and day in raking up friendly confidences, familiar effusions, fire-side conversations, the coruscations of wit, the silence of contemplation, the secret wishes of desire, and even the sighs of the oppressed.

By turns, informer, judge, and hangman, this perfidious cameleon was a composition from all classes of society. Gentry of place and title, writers and merry andrews, workmen and state annuitants, were all secretly admitted into this association. Even legislators had profoundly calculated on all the grada-

tions of human life, and knew how to profit by their acquired wisdom. The grey hairs of an old man inspire respect and confidence: nobody will believe that a man on the brink of the grave can become a rascal and an informer; but that was the only reason why they were chosen for listeners. I have seen spies bent under the weight of years and craziness; and from the tomb to the cradle, the genius of evil had well known how to leap over the distance.

One afternoon of a fine day in spring, Monsieur T—ot endeavoured, under the thick shades of the foliage in the Luxembourg walks, to divert his mind from the vexations that oppressed it. One of his old friends met him, drew him towards a bench, and there asked him the cause of his uneasiness.

"I had two sons, the only hopes of my aged years; both have been torn from me: one at the butcheries at Eylau, the other at the carnage of Bautzen." He was yet speaking, when a young child of five years old, well dressed, and beautiful as the day, came to take shelter between the knees of the two friends, saying that it was pursued by its nurse, whom, in fact, they observed in the middle of the walk, with another child in her arms. The infantine graces of the little fugitive interested the two old men; whilst one of them took it on his knees, and consoled it with a promise of making its peace with its attendant. She did not immediately come up, and the old man, who had lost his two sons, continued the conversation. "Yes, my friend,

my dear children are no more. God of goodness! wilt thou never strike the monster who has thus forced them away to the field of death?" "I feel all the weight of your grief," said his friend: "I can weep as you do: but how many families in Europe have similar misfortunes to deplore! You imprecate the thunders of Heaven upon the head of the author of all our evils: your wishes, I believe, are not far from fulfilment. The hand of God has already struck the Corsican,—the boldness of whose blood-thirsty genius can no longer support him against the forces of the allies."

The child did not fail to understand the conversation of the two friends: it gently disengaged itself from the knees that supported it, and at that mo-

ment its pretended nurse came to him. He flies; she pretends to pursue him: they meet, and soon they both disappear.

This then is the fact: for some time past, Monsieur T—ot, who was known to have been seriously affected by the loss of his sons, was strongly suspected by the high police of being a sworn enemy to the Emperor's person. Monsieur T—ot, a prudent man, saw but little of the world, and if sometimes he unbosomed himself, it was only in the presence of friends whom he could trust; with every other person he maintained a reserve quite hopeless for those agents of the police who were directed to follow him, and to criminate him if possible. Their attempts had hitherto been fruitless; but at length they re-

marked that in his daily walks in the garden of the Luxembourg, he sat down generally upon a bench, and conversed often for a considerable time with a man who appeared to them to be a friend of his. To approach them, and to sit down upon the same bench, would have been to force them to talk upon ordinary affairs; but amongst the association of the Secret Police there was about a dozen young children, all very sharp for their years, and gifted with prepossessing figures. These simple creatures were trained up by a most horrible kind of management to introduce themselves amongst people whose opinions the government wished to know: their youth excited no suspicion, and people did not hesitate to speak plainly before them. Nothing of

what was said escaped the memory of these little serpents, and the rascals who sent them were always certain of soon knowing more than was necessary for the ruin of the person that was under their espionage. Some of these children, when they had no other means of introducing themselves into the company of the persons marked out, even posted themselves in the evening at the corners of the houses of individuals, and, when they saw them about to re-enter their homes, set up the most piteous cries. If the person ran to their assistance, and asked the cause of their tears, they said that they had lost their way: a false name was immediately given; but as to the name of the street where they resided, that was always forgot, yet still they were

certain of finding it the next morning by daylight. What man could have the harshness to neglect a child of six years old, well dressed, and of pleasing appearance? No: such an one would be admitted with pleasure, and become the play-fellow of the children of the family, if there were any, and the next morning the little urchin ruined perhaps his benefactor, whilst revealing, to those who sent him, all the secrets which he had picked up in the hospitable mansion.

It was one of these little vipers that had taken refuge in the arms of Monsieur T—ot at the Luxembourg; and his pretended nurse was a trust-worthy member of the same coterie.

Two days afterwards the unhappy parent was arrested upon the steps of

St. Roch, and conducted to the secret prison of the Conciergerie, where, however, he was not interrogated until five days afterwards. "What have I done?" said he. "I have my opinions certainly; but I never expressed them except in the presence of my friends, and on them I can depend as on myself."

Five days afterwards he appeared before V. and judge of his astonishment when the Inquisitor repeated to him, word for word, the conversation that he had held with his friend in the Luxembourg garden. In spite of his vexation, he rested himself on an absolute denial. "Ah! you deny it," said the awful V. "Stop a little; I will shew you an evidence which will perhaps force your confession." At these words he ordered the companion

of the unfortunate Mr. T—ot to be brought in, and the latter at the sight of his friend immediately exclaimed, with an accent of despair;—" Heavens! I am lost. Wretch! you whom I have honored with my friendship, can you have betrayed me?"

" You are mistaken," said V. " that gentleman has not betrayed you; on the contrary he is accused and a prisoner like yourself." " Impossible, sir, he is the only person with whom I had any conversation the day before yesterday at the Luxembourg." " That matters not; from henceforward learn, that the air will bring us information of indiscreet expressions." " I am then the most unfortunate of men."

Yes, certainly! to accuse his friend, and thereby to make a confession be-

yond which no more was wanted, was, I acknowledge, to be the sport of misfortune. These two unhappy men were afterwards sent to the Castle of Ham.

These two anecdotes, in which an old man and a child play the principal parts, prove, that to succeed in their endeavours, those agents of crime knew how to avail themselves both of life and death.

The high police had also other nets which it was difficult to avoid, because, that no person, however cautious, could possibly suspect them. It had at its disposal a club of people of both sexes, whom Buonaparte jokingly called the "*Cytherean Cohort;*" and all that youth, beauty, the graces, and agreeable talents could produce, of the most

seductive kind in each sex, was to be met with in this society. Handsome men, angelic women, the greatest part of which were ruined in fortune, lovers of luxury, or suffering from a thirst after gold, there lent themselves without blushing, to the horrible machinations of a despot, who himself also trembled in the midst of his victims: and the following anecdote will give an idea of the manner in which he made use of these dangerous agents.

In 1809, a Dutchman was preparing for the press at Leipsic a memoir strongly written against the intolerable ambition of Buonaparte; and the Baron D. who was the first that got intelligence of this project, thus expressed himself in a letter to the Emperor—" The female, who has read the

manuscript, assures me that she has never seen any writing more solid, or containing more good sense. Full of things and of facts, this appeal to all sovereigns comes to the heart with a conviction which cannot be repressed. It is in short the most dangerous work that has ever been published in any language against the French monarch."

It may easily be imagined that Buonaparte instantly waked all his secret blood-hounds; and the unfortunate Dutchman was soon in the net spread for him by Monsieur de M. who was at the head of this important expedition. But oh! the despair and surprise of these inquisitors! after rifling the unfortunate man; after stripping him, ripping open his clothes, breaking open his furniture, unsewing his

beds and mattrasses, and even shattering in pieces a plaister *Venus*, they found nothing, absolutely nothing. The memoir had disappeared, and their rage was indescribable; indeed, one must put himself in their situation to be able to judge of their sensations.

"What is become," said Monsieur M. "of the manuscript which you are going to publish?" "I have written nothing: it never was my intention to publish any thing." "Sir, it is impossible to deceive the government; the fact is certain. I will tell you more: I have no orders to deprive you of your liberty; my task is solely to enquire if it is want that has made you write: in that case, put upon your work any price that you please. Here is a

pocket-book well filled; only name your sum and I will pay you. Are you discontented because unemployed? Have they forgotten you in the new Dutch government? There is every disposition to do you justice. Kings, you know, cannot see every thing." "Sir," replied the Hollander, "such offers are very tempting; I am quite in despair at not being able to give you a satisfactory reply; but you are in a mistake respecting me; I repeat to you, that I have never written any thing against the French government."

Monsieur de M. seeing him inflexible, and being unable to tempt him by any offers, had him carried into France, where he was thrown into a state prison, but where I know not; for, since those events, I have never heard a

word of the unfortunate Batavian; and the portfolio from whence I extracted this account says nothing more respecting him.

But where was the famous memoir to be found? By what miracle had it been concealed from the search of these ministerial ferrets?—The fact is, that some days previous to his arrest, the author had formed just suspicions of a man whom hitherto he had considered as of the same opinion as himself, and to whom he had imprudently confided his project. On that account, he felt it most prudent instantly to entrust his manuscript to a particular friend who resided in the vicinity of Prague, but who, at that period, was at Leipsic, which circumstance alone caused the failure of the principal object of Mon-

sieur de M's mission. Can you believe that the secret inquisition stopped there? Oh no! The Emperor was determined to have the manuscript at any rate; and even when he saw the almost utter impossibility of obtaining it, he then wished for it more ardently. "Do you what you please," said he to Monsieur de M.; "I must have it," and turned his back on him, without waiting for reply.

Monsieur de M. was now obliged to puzzle his brain afresh, and therefore took another tour into Germany, where he met the faithless wretch that had betrayed the Dutchman. This scoundrel had, as yet, only received five hundred francs for his villainy; but one thousand crowns were now promised him, in case of success. If more mo-

ney should be wanting for the affair, then a larger sum was ready.

In the different communications with the French agent, both the parties were of opinion that the manuscript must be in the hands of some of the author's friends. "Hark ye," said the German: "some days before the Dutchman's arrest, one of his intimate friends came to see him. With respect to Napoleon, their opinions were pretty similar; and I will lay my head that the manuscript is in his hands." This idea was a gleam of light for the intriguing De M. "Where is this man?" "He lives in the neighbourhood of Prague, in Bohemia."—"His name?" "Schustler."—"His rank in life?" "Merely a private gentleman, but rich; about forty years of age, tall in

stature, well made, and a widower these last two years, without any children, except a girl four years old." "Is he a man of intrigue with the ladies?"—"He is fond of study, fond of the pleasing accomplishments; but, above all things, partial to the fair sex."—"Oh, ho! he is fond of the women: in that case he is my man. If I succeed, you shall have a thousand crowns; in the mean time, take this note of five hundred francs; I give it to you as the price for your present information." And after this, Monsieur de M. instantly set off for Paris.

To know a man, a widower, and yet in the prime of life, besides being naturally partial to the fair sex; to wish to introduce to his notice a young and

lovely woman, possessing the graces as well as talent,—surely nothing could be more easy. Nay, the titled ferret was certain of it; so that his preparations were as rapidly made as his plan was conceived. Amongst the nymphs of the *Cytherean cohort,* it was impossible not to be pleased with the young and brilliant D—s, sprung of a respectable family, but having lost her parents at an early age. Her fortune even would have been sufficient for all her wishes, if those wishes had only been a little conformable to her fortune; but an unrestrained love of expence, and an itch for gambling carried to an excess, had been the cause of her ruin. When Nature had made a head like her's, she reposed;—she was exhausted! Mademoiselle D—s

was too beautiful, ever to be told so; it is that thing, above all others—I have experienced it—it is that thing, I repeat, that a man could not say on first seeing her. Can any one speak, whilst in an extacy? But that which set an infinite value on her charms, was, that she seemed unconscious of possessing them; and if you add to an assemblage of beauties almost divine, an intimate knowledge of a thousand agreeable accomplishments, you will have a faithful portrait of Mademoiselle D—s. Reduced to expedients for the gratifying of her caprices, she was for some time under the protection of a young German nobleman, whom she would have ruined, if he had not taken the determination, in time, to give her a draft for fifteen thousand francs on

Recamier's bank, and then to bid her an eternal adieu.

She was for a long time without being able to fill up the place of this ingrate; but at length she became the idol of one of our modern fine gentlemen, but truly one of the most amiable. Mademoiselle was not mercenary, not greedy, but merely celestial and extravagant. If we may believe the wife of her new lover, she cost him one hundred and thirty thousand francs in fifteen months! For my part, I rather think that jealousy must have swelled the sum; but however it may be, the lover, not being able any longer to support such a seducing and expensive companion, suddenly broke with her, yet, as a gallant man, did not wish to leave her pennyless, or unprovided

for; and it was he who placed her at the head of the Syrens, who sold their services to the secret police.

This post, it is true, was not one of the most lucrative under government; but if the missions were difficult, and of a brilliant nature, they would sometimes pay, an hundred fold, the stipulated salary. With respect to the business of getting possession of the memoir, nobody could be fitter for the purpose than Mademoiselle D—s; besides, amongst the other advantages she possessed, she spoke German with facility, which she had acquired during her beforementioned connexion with the young German nobleman.

After several conferences with De M. she received a passport under the name of Bridget-Adelaide Saulnier,

and was described as a young widow making the tour of Germany for her health. Her secret instructions were: "You must go immediately to Prague, in Bohemia. There you must privately get what information you can about the Sieur Schustler, and find out his residence. Under pretence of a pure air being necessary for your health, you will then express a desire of living for some time in country lodgings, and you will then fix your residence as near him as possible. You may even go so far as to build a house, if necessary—spare no expence. The rest is left to your own information and sagacity."

On her arrival at Prague, Mademoiselle D—s had no difficulty in finding him she was in quest of; and with respect to obtaining lodgings near him,

chance went even beyond her wishes. Not one hundred yards from his residence was a house, which the proprietor, a parchment-maker by trade, wished for a long time to part with. The bargain was soon concluded, and for thirty-two thousand francs, she found herself housed very commodiously, and quite close to the man whom she was sent to cheat.

I must here premise that great part of what follows is founded upon some letters to one of her most intimate friends—one, however, who was not acquainted with her *secret* proceedings.

Our young spy was scarcely established in her new quarters, when she learnt every particular concerning the affairs of M. Schustler; being informed also that he went very often to Prague,

to avail herself of which, she made all the necessary arrangements. Her household consisted of only two people—a man-servant and a female; and she had purchased also two very handsome saddle-horses, being an excellent horsewoman. One day, when she knew that M. Schustler was at Prague, she mounted her horse, attended by her groom, and set off in hopes of meeting his carriage on his return home; after some time she discovered him a good way off, when, as if overcome with fatigue, she dismounted, lay down upon the turf by the side of the road, wrapped herself in her veil, and pretended to be asleep, with the bridle of her horse passed round her left arm. Her neighbour's carriage soon came up, when all at once she

leaped up like a person suddenly awoke by an unexpected noise. Her horse, frightened at this, had started back, and M. Schustler, trembling for the young stranger, leaped instantly from his seat. By this time the lady had thrown back her veil, when such a blaze of charms petrified the German; and for the moment he was unable to speak, breathing only to admire her. At length, however, he recovered himself, exclaiming—"Pardon me, madam, if I have disturbed your repose; indeed, I should have been quite in despair at the accident, if I did not now owe to it the sweetest of all pleasures—that of contemplating Heaven's master-piece."

"What you call disturbing my slumber is a mere trifle, Sir; but as to

the compliment you have addressed to me, as you are a gentleman, and, moreover, young, I know not what to think of it." Saying this, she jumped lightly into the saddle, when the German, distracted with losing so soon the sight of such a beautiful creature, timidly laid hold of the reins of her bridle.—"What," said he to the young unknown; "can you be cruel enough to deprive me so soon of the happiness of admiring you? If I displease you, I am ready to retire; but if you do not feel a repugnance to oblige me, tell me, for God's sake, what you are, and to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"A polite man can never be troublesome. You wish to know who I am; nothing is more natural. I am a widow and a French-woman, and for

these last two days have inhabited a pretty good house not far distant, and which I purchased a few days ago."

"What! you the purchaser of Janyek House?"

"Certainly; that is the name of the person who sold it to me." "Angel of heaven! then we are neighbours: I can even see you from my windows. Ah, madam! I am an unfortunate fellow, in not having already paid you a visit."

"Sir, there is no time lost; I have yet scarcely furnished my house. I know that in the country nothing is so valuable as a good neighbour, and so I hope to be better acquainted with you."—Then, saluting him with a smile, she disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

M. Schustler was transported. In a heart so ardent as his, the lovely Saulnier, for she preserved the name in her passport, had already made terrible ravages. How long did the night appear to him! But the next day he set off to pay a visit to his fair neighbour; and she, having seen him as soon as he left his own door, sat down to her pianoforte; wishing, in order to ensnare him, to put in force all her seductive powers.

"Let me not disturb your pleasures," said he, on entering. "I have already disturbed your slumbers; but I now find that in you every thing is admirable. Yesterday I admired your beauty: to-day the tones which follow your fingers scarcely permit me to breathe."

"A truce to flattery, my good neighbour. In the country we ought to be as simple as nature, of which it is the picture."

"Ah, stop, madam, imposture and falsehood have never yet dropped from my tongue. I say what I think, and my heart requires that it should express what it feels. But listen only to two words more, and then judge if a deceiver could thus express himself. Twenty-four hours have not passed since I saw you for the first time; and now, if any event should tear you away, feeling as I do the sentiments with which you have inspired me, I know not, madam, if I should wish to live—and yet I am a father. Oh! yes, I am a good father." Tears now flowed from his eyes, when Madame Saulnier,

standing up at her piano, a prey to sentiments which she could not define, never having felt such before, sought in vain for an answer. The language which she had just heard was new to her: she again looked at Monsieur Schustler, and he appeared the handsomest man in the world.

"Come, Sir," said she to him, with softness, "you shall breakfast with me. You have given me a pleasing pain. I wish that our acquaintance had been of an older date."

"Lovely Saulnier, the tender sentiment I feel for you is sacred and of long standing; the date of it is engraven at the bottom of my heart."

The breakfast passed quietly; friendship furnished the conversation. "If you do not hate those who esteem you

highly," said he, on taking leave, "I shall have the happiness, madam, of receiving you to-morrow at my own house, at the same hour."

"You make your request in such a manner, that it is impossible to refuse you."

As soon as she was alone, Madame Saulnier wished to examine the state of her heart; she could not disguise her sentiments to herself; and, indeed, in writing afterwards to her friend, she said—"I came hither to seduce, and am myself seduced." Her metamorphosis became as sincere as it was prompt. Struck with anger and shame at the part which she had played, and at that with which she was entrusted, "I wish to be happy," said she, "but I will not deceive a worthy man. To-

morrow I shall disclose to him what I am, and what I was."

She was the next day received by Schustler as an angel would be if he was known to be so by men. "See," said he to her, in presenting to her his young daughter, "see that, which only a few days ago, was to me the most precious thing in the world; but now every time I shall see you together, I will say, all my treasures are here united."

Madame Saulnier loaded the sweet child with the sincerest caresses; she felt herself prodigal of them on his account from whom the child had received existence: yet though on the preceding evening she had determined to open her heart to her amiable neighbour, still at the moment for making

this painful confession, her courage failed her.

"Whilst M. Schustler is not present," as she expressed herself in a letter to Paris; "I am a *lion* in strength, as to the revealing of all my errors; but in his company I am only a *hen;* all my courage is then in my looks, and they rarely are cast upon any thing but my lover." For two months they both lived in that state of uncertainty which two real lovers must always experience previous to coming to an explanation. At length M. Schustler wished to put an end to it at once in two words; and one afternoon that he was alone in the parlour with her, first giving her every proof of a real and ardent passion, he said to her, "If my lovely friend is as

free as I am, if her heart is not otherwise engaged, if my person is not disagreeable, and my fortune is equal to her wishes, let her pronounce it before the sun has twice performed his daily career; she will then, perhaps, become a mother to my child, in the character of my beloved wife."

"Before I give an answer to your proposals, permit me, my worthy friend, to open my heart to you. Are you not afraid of repenting of your choice? Do you know who I am?"

"Stop, madam—are you free?"

"As air."

"Do you feel any dislike to my person? or does my child appear to you a burthen?"

"Your daughter!—oh no! I will

be to her a tender mother. For yourself, sir—I cannot conceal it—I adore you."

"And I, madam, I idolize you.—What occasion then for more confidences—more confessions! If what you have to tell me is favourable to you, it is needless for me to know it; I cannot love you more tenderly. If, on the contrary, you have to tell me of wrongs received, 'tis useless for me to know them; you can never be less beloved. Half of myself! I was anxious only for one agreeable secret—it has escaped you. I am dear to you—I fall at your feet." In fact, he had done so.—"That is not your place," said the beloved, raising him up: "it is, it ought always to be, on my heart."

In a week after; Mademoiselle D..s

received the hand of M. Schustler at the altar; and it remained for her to fulfil the mission with which she was charged by the French government. She spoke of the author of the manuscript, and of his being carried off, as an affair which she had heard mentioned. "What," said her husband, "you know of that?— Ah, my love, I ran very great risks in that deplorable affair. It was to me that he delivered the manuscript some days before he was arrested, but at the first news of his seizure, I threw it into the fire."

This was all his wife desired. She imparted the circumstance to the first agent in this mission, assuring him that his Imperial Majesty might make himself easy upon the subject. She next excused herself under several different pre-

tences for not returning into France; but she had found, she said, that happiness in Bohemia which her own country could no longer afford her. Her female friend, who has since become blind, and who now lives with her, was charged with selling all that Madame Schustler had in France; and of this commission she acquitted herself very faithfully. Thus terminated an affair which did not begin under the mildest auspices; thus was a charming woman, who had to reproach herself with having too long been a wanderer from the path of virtue, restored to it. Would to heaven that another miserable creature, who, like herself, was attached to the grand police, had followed her example; she could easily have done so: the unfortunate man whom she delivered over to the

axe of the executioner, had offered to marry her. He was a man of good family, and was executed in the plain of Grenelle, as a secret agent of the cabinet of Berlin. Had it not been for the mad passion he had conceived towards her who was the cause of his death, and the secrets which he had in consequence confided to her, he could never have been convicted.

The imprisonment of persons of the greatest distinction, the secret executions, were principally the work of this troop of Syrens and Adonises. It was from one of them that the government got information of the projects of Baron Imbert; projects in which M. M..... the author of several charming operas, was seriously implicated. From the same agents were derived the most im-

portant details relative to General Lemercier, the royalist chief, who was killed in the hamlet of Lamothe near Loudae; and on the like information, were the Chevalier Laa, with Messieurs Dubuc and Rosselin, arrested. The two latter fell victims to the imprudence of a rich banker, who had confided certain secrets to one of these traitresses, at that moment a most vigilant sentinel of the police.

The priest Macarthy, an Irishman, was shot for a crime which was entirely the invention of two spies of the police, to whom he refused to lend four thousand livres. This priest was very rich. A lady came to Paris expressly to solicit his pardon of Buonaparte. "It is impossible," said he: "rich and a traitor; it would be a murder if he were innocent."

These dangerous denunciators were almost always unknown to their victims: sometimes even those victims sent to them from their dungeons to claim from them the offices of friendship and consolation. Then did the wretches affect to pour balm into the wounds which they themselves had made. D..... de P..... did more. The Baron de Koly, whom he had been the first to denounce to the police a few days before his death, sent him a diamond ring secretly as a token of friendship. The wretch had the confidence to accept it.

This secret inquisition had yet another method of drawing forth confessions. In the minister's house itself there was an apartment, where the persons arrested were sometimes detained. There, inspectors, very adroit, of very polite

and plausible manners, visited the prisoner: they talked little of the matter for which he was arrested, and invited him to dinner. The minister's kitchen furnished every thing necessary for a good repast, with excellent wines. The aim was to make the accused man drink, and when he was in a state of intoxication, to draw from him his secrets.

In 1812, a curious scene passed in this chamber, in which the part played by the inspector was not very brilliant. A young man, worthless enough, was arrested, as being suspected of enticing away artisans from their employers. It was known that he had associates in the business; but in three interrogatories which he had undergone, their names could not be drawn from him.

He was carried to the minister, where orders were secretly given that he should be subjected to the experiment of a good dinner and plenty of wine. For this purpose, one of the best blood-hounds of the grand police was let loose upon him. The wine was not spared; but it happened that the inspector, whether he was easily overcome, or whether he had not kept sufficient command upon himself, soon became, what he intended the other should be; and laying his head upon the table, fell asleep. The prisoner lost no time, but taking a great mouthful of tobacco, chewed it, and put the liquor which he pressed from it into the inspector's glass, filling it up with wine. "Sir," said he, shaking the sleeper, and wakening him, "are we

not to drink any more? Here are yet two bottles remaining." The inspector raised his head, stretched himself, prattled a little nonsense, scarcely recollecting why he was there; and then drinking the wine prepared for him, fell faster asleep than before. The prisoner let him sleep on a few minutes, that time might be allowed for the tobacco to take its full effect. He then shook him heartily, to see whether he was rendered wholly insensible; and finding that he was so, he took off his coat, his waistcoat, his cravat, his hat, his stockings, and his shoes, in which he hastily dressed himself. Next he girded on his sword, took his watch, and eighty-seven livres, which were in his breeches pocket: then feeling for the key of the

room, opened the door, and made his escape. What effect was produced at the minister's, when the culprit was known to have given them the slip, I never could learn. The affair never became public in France: it was at Munich that a friend of the hero imparted the story to my servant.

The sums that were devoured in keeping up this secret police seem almost incredible. One division alone, that which Buonaparte called his Cytherean cohort, cost, from the tenth of March, 1812, to the twenty-second of January, 1813, five million three hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred francs, for expences of arrests, appointments, and gratifications. The Chevalier de Rivoire Saint-Hypolite, an officer in the navy, who was so

deeply implicated with General Lemercier, cost, between 1807, when he quitted Madrid, where he had been in the service of M. Strogonoff, till the month of October, 1810, when he was arrested at Amsterdam, four hundred and two thousand francs. This sum does not include the expences of his journeys and maintenance in the different prisons to which he was sent. For four years he had constantly about him two invisible agents, who followed him into the different countries which he ran over. His wife, who was detained for having favoured her husband's escape from the castle of Lourde, cost seventy-two thousand francs. The government was then so thirsty for prisoners, that at the castle of Ham, the gaoler had in his book the

name of a child only twenty months old. This little creature was called Jemima: she was the daughter of an English baronet, by name Campbell, who, with his wife, were then detained at the castle. If any one should doubt this fact, I refer him for its authenticity to the Sieur Charpin, porter to the castle.

I shall confine myself to these few anecdotes of the secret police. They prove two things plainly: in the first place, that, pursuing such a system, no one can be surprised to find Buonaparte almost always in the secrets of all the different cabinets of Europe; and secondly, that the despot, once upon the throne, was continually a prey to the utmost tortures of fear and suspicion. Hence that multitude of enter-

prizes as mad as they were ill conceived,—hence those continual wars without motive and without end.—Could it be otherwise with a man who said to his ministers, with the utmost unreserve, "Wars are necessary to strengthen a new throne—'tis the only means of keeping the people from reflecting." He was not long before he carried these horrible principles into practice. An Austrian minister was indiscreet enough to say, in the presence of some one who was sold to the court of France: "Buonaparte will no longer seek to pick quarrels with us; he has but one eagle, and we have two."

This miserable joke, to which no other sovereign would have paid any attention, put Buonaparte in a rage.

He wrote, with his own hand, to the insolent minister, as he called him:—"When I had no eagle, I swept you all before me: I have one now; and though he be but just born, woe to the imprudent eagles who shall force him to quit his eyre—he will devour them." Here I am compelled to do justice to a courtier who cannot be charged with having often done well. M.... had the noble courage to represent to the monarch that such an answer was unworthy of his rank.—"How long," said he, "has a sovereign condescended to write to the insolent subjects of a foreign power? Had it been the Emperor of Austria himself who uttered such a sentiment, an explanation with him might have come without impropriety from your own hand. He

alone is worthy of such an honour." I could gladly have embraced the speaker. No one could possibly have represented the matter more adroitly. To rouse the *amour-propre* of such a prince as Napoleon, in order to induce him to do what was right, was the policy of a consummate courtier. "I yield to your reasons," said the Emperor, tearing the paper; "but you must acknowledge that the note was strongly expressed." This last stroke painted the man more forcibly than every body would suppose.

Austria, however, bit the curb very reluctantly. The idea of those fine provinces of Italy, which were her's no longer, could never be banished from her recollection, nor could her writers forbear perpetually recurring to it.—

Buonaparte, who on his side sighed for nothing so much as a renewal of the shocks of war, omitted nothing which could make Francis II. feel that he was but the fourth power on the continent. This was a state of things which could not continue; and on both sides arms were resorted to. I do not describe battles: if some times I speak of them, 'tis to make known facts, or strokes of character, which cannot be known to those among the etat-major, whose province it is to register the details of battles. On the eve of the great day of Austerlitz, Buonaparte said, "If I be conqueror tomorrow, my cousin Francis will not send to solicit peace from me, he will come and ask it himself." This affair began under the most favourable

auspices. If moments sometime occur, when the officers are obliged to stimulate the soldiers, at the battle of Austerlitz they had no occasion to interpose their authority, but to restrain them. I saw sixteen men, in two ranks, with a boy, as a drummer, at their head, marching with fixed bayonets towards two pieces of cannon. All the authority of a general of brigade, who was sent to them by the Emperor, could with difficulty call them off. "I obey," said the serjeant, "but you have deprived me of two pieces of cannon: see! there are only thirty of the cavalry." The general could not forbear smiling. If such strokes, however, call forth a smile, there are others which agonize the heart. Fifteen or twenty thousand

Germans had retired upon a lake which was frozen over: these were the words of the only man who could have saved them: "General, hasten to the artillery; there is no need to fire upon those battalions, only let the ice be broken. To cannonade such a number will take much time: they must be engulfed;" and ingulfed they were.

What Buonaparte had foreseen did indeed happen. The chief of the Germanic body, the King of Bohemia and Hungary, the Emperor of Austria, Francis II. came to visit a victorious Corsican in his hovel, called him his brother, and intreated him to be contented with the sovereignty of France, of Italy, of the Low Countries, of Inspruck, &c. &c. The modest conqueror promised, for the moment, not to demand any thing more, pro-

vided the Emperor, as the price of his moderation, would pay him some millions of money in gold. This was not too much for having, at one stroke, engulfed twenty thousand men. Poets, take your lyres, and celebrate this conqueror!

If the Emperor of Russia and Francis II. practised forbearance towards Buonaparte, when they might have treated him with rigour, it was that, just as men, equitable as sovereigns, they were desirous of expiating the fault they had committed, in seeking each of them an interview with him. If they could have foreseen the mass of pride which these events added to his natural presumption, they would never have consented to them. Twenty battles gained would not have swelled his vanity to the de-

gree that it was inflated by these two interviews. Scarcely had the Emperor of Austria quitted him, when he could not forbear saying, " Since my cousin is reduced to coming to see me, I may, when it is necessary, visit the whole family." Little attention was paid to these expressions at the moment, but I never forgot them.

A short time after the peace of Presbourg, the nature of my functions was entirely changed. On a sudden my salary was increased, but I was no longer so much about the monarch's person, though I generally saw him every day. I was truly mortified, I may say, that I could no longer be the witness of his most secret actions, of his epileptic torments, of the explosions of his mad ambition. I returned into the class of ordinary attendants; I

saw no longer any more than numbers of others saw with me. To repeat what every body knows does not enter into my plan. Some anecdotes, little known, and others not accurately represented, or entirely mutilated, to which I was witness, will compleat this work to the moment when I quited Buonaparte.

After the battle of Jena, the Emperor established his head quarters at Brunswick, in the Duke of Weimar's palace. The duchess had not fled: she had retired with her women into one of the wings of the chateau. We arrived before the Emperor: the servants indicated to us the apartments we were to inhabit. Buonaparte arrived, intoxicated with his victory; impetuous, boiling over with glory;

his head quite gone. In the second apartment the duchess presented herself before him. "Who are you?" said he. "The Duchess of Weimar." "I will crush your husband; he shall not be allowed a moment of repose." "Sire, I do not wish to offend, but honour and his rank, required of him the part he took."

"He lost his senses when he thought he could resist me. I tell you, madam, the cabinet of Berlin has for a long time plagued and vexed me: they shall pay for it. The Prussian nobles, insolent, making a vast parade of bravery, shall learn that my ministers are not to be insulted with impunity; they shall be reduced to beg their bread."

The duchess saw plainly that the moment was not favourable, and retired. The next morning she sent a

gentleman to enquire how the Emperor had passed the night. "Well, extremely well:" he said, "thank the duchess for her politeness, and say that I will come and breakfast with her." I do not know what passed at this tête-à-tête, but when Buonaparte returned to his own apartments, he was full of admiration of the duchess: "She is a very sensible woman indeed," said he, "full of good qualities; I will do much for her—yes, very much—she will save her husband."

In a short time all Prussia was conquered, and things were tending towards the peace of Tilsit. "If William," said he, "accepts peace on the terms I shall propose, 'tis well: he shall have it. If he refuse, he will act nobly, and render me a service: this

peace breaks the line of my projects." At Tilsit the Emperor had an interview with the Queen of Prussia: on the eve he said to one of his generals: "They say she is a fine woman." "It will be," said the courtier, "a rose with a bunch of laurel."

The beginning of this interview was polite, even delicate. "I expected, madam," said Buonaparte, "to have seen a beautiful queen, but you are the most beautiful woman in the world." There were some roses in a vase; he took one, and presented it to her. "We know each other very little," she said, timid and confused: "may I be made acquainted with your majesty's meaning." "Accept it, madam, accept it; 'tis a pledge of the friendship which I shall henceforward bear you, as well as your husband."

The queen took the rose: she was pale and trembling; her women were alarmed. "Do not alarm yourself, madam," said the Emperor: "I am wholly your's. If there be any thing that I could do to oblige you, do not deprive me of that pleasure." The queen was silent; he repeated the same sentiment several times. At length, with a hesitating voice, she requested the town of Magdebourg for her son. "Magdebourgh!" exclaimed the Emperor, starting from his seat: "Magdebourgh! you do not know, madam, what you ask: let us hear no more of it," and he hastily took his leave. This anecdote has been differently related: phrases of the most gross kind have been imputed to the Emperor, but what I have given here is the truth; it was written down

upon the spot. I might add something here relative to the following campaigns, and the battle of Eylau, but they will be found in my *Historical Memoir*, as well as some details relative to the Spanish war: to them I refer the reader.

Buonaparte, at the height of his glory, was, after the peace of Friedland, the first monarch of Europe. For a long time he had been desirous of posterity, and Josephine despaired of bringing him children. More than once C.... and M.... had been made the confidants of his disquietudes on this subject. "My weakness here," he said, "is great. I know not how to afflict my wife, and yet I feel that it must come to this." The two counsellors proved to him that his scruples were idle; that the good of the state

and the stability of the throne imperiously demanded his giving himself an heir. Buonaparte in this affair shewed much less of the despot than belonged naturally to his character. He hesitated for a long time before he could resolve upon the measure. The friendship he had for Josephine is really wholly inexplicable, considering the natural coldness of his heart. Nevertheless C.... and M.... urged him so closely, that at length the repudiation of Josephine was resolved on. It was C.... who undertook first to sound her upon so important a matter: then it was that this Princess displayed all the heroic firmness of her character. Scarcely had C.... begun, when she stopped him; "'Tis idle, sir," she said, "to make use of any disguise or circumlocution with me: speak out

at once. I read my fate in your countenance. I had before some suspicion of it, but was willing to hope my suspicions were unfounded. The veil is now torn aside:—say to his Majesty, that if my fall be absolutely necessary for his glory, I am ready to make the greatest sacrifices."

Buonaparte, on receiving this answer, said, "I was well assured of it;—she is good—ever, ever good." Orders were immediately given that the proper documents for annulling the marriage should be drawn up. Every one knows how both the civil and ecclesiastical part of the community conducted themselves in this affair.

The Empress never permitted herself to make the least complaint, to utter a single reproach. She only wrote the following letter to her husband:—

"If your Majesty have definitively resolved to deprive me of the title of your wife, the only one of which I ever was proud, and in which I placed my whole happiness; if your glory, if the prosperity of the state, depend absolutely upon this great sacrifice, I am ready to make it. It is not the honours with which you have surrounded me that I regret: one thing alone rends my heart, that I shall no longer be your wife, shall no longer be your cherished friend, the faithful depositary of all your cares and sorrows;—that I shall no longer be able to soothe and console you. Who will replace me?—Grant, O heaven! that this young princess may give my husband, who for the last time I call so, what he has so long desired—an heir. Grant that, a happy wife and a tender mo-

ther, she may lose herself in the interests of her husband, as I have always endeavoured to promote his happiness alone.

"Your Majesty may immediately give orders for the act to be drawn up which is to break the ties of nature, and place between you and me the barriers of indifference."

JOSEPHINE."

The Emperor was visibly much affected with this letter, but the emotion was fleeting. C.... was there; Buonaparte only said to him: "Confess that this wife is enough to make me regret that I am not a Sultan."

Who was to replace Josephine?—What princess was to abandon a family illustrious from a long line of ancestors, to give her hand to a monarch who

was only to found a new family?—This was the subject of many conferences. Buonaparte was decidedly for a Russian Princess; his counsellors of course concurred in his opinion. It was determined at least to discover how the land might lie. The chief of the family, into which he was desirous of entering, seemed not unfavourably disposed towards the alliance, but a pitiless mother stepped in and crushed at once the mighty project. She threatened nothing less than to inter her daughter in the deserts of Siberia, if they persisted in making her Empress of the French, Queen of Italy, &c. &c. Buonaparte and his counsellors were wise enough not to let this refusal transpire, and their attentions were immediately directed another way.

Austria was no longer in a situation

to refuse any thing to the Emperor of the French; the sacrifice of the Archduchess was the necessity of the state. This august victim was ready to devote herself to heal the wounds of her country, and if Germany were grateful, it would, after mature reflection, for the statue lightly raised is as fragile as the sentiment which places it on the pedestal, a breath would overthrow it; but, I say, that if Germany were grateful, and would raise a statue to the object from which it has received the most important services, that statue ought to be raised to Maria Louisa. Her union with Buonaparte gave Austria time to breathe, and the chief of the nation knew how to turn this repose to the best advantage. His army was re-organized, his finances were put into the best situation that the circum-

stances would permit, the national courage revived, the ministers assumed more energy,—Austria, in short, put herself into a situation to inscribe her will by the side of the dictates of ambition, and to support it. Buonaparte, on the other hand, enchained by the charms of his young wife, slumbering in the arms of virgin candour and sweetness, too long neglected to take the lead in his diplomatic and military operations. When a lion has declared himself king of the forest, he must not slumber under the shade of a spreading oak, but must roam continually over his usurped dominion.

Respect, the epoch, and the circumstances, forbid my giving a description of the first interview between Napoleon and the young Archduchess. I leave to profane thoughts to flutter beneath the veil of the nuptial bed. What a picture

the virgin daughter of the Cæsars in the arms of a petty citizen of Ajaccio! Supreme disposer of events! thy ways are inscrutable! On a sudden a new kingdom starts up, and the expected heir is named King of Rome.

A fortunate husband, a happy father, and a powerful monarch: here was sufficient to satisfy the ambition of ten ordinary persons, but not that of Buonaparte. A malevolent genius, which he caressed incessantly, drew him on continually, by placing before his eyes the field of battle. The most powerful princes of Germany, subdued by the fortunes of this ambitious man, coalesced with him against Russia. Some of the princes entered into a coalition with no other view but in the hope of leading on the French army to be ingulfed in the frozen deserts of that inhospitable climate: the sequel proved that

they had not miscalculated their ground. The details of these two last campaigns are known to every-body, and I am too sincere a Frenchman to think of re-opening wounds which are scarcely yet entirely scarred over.

From the moment when Buonaparte was obliged to quit the Kremlin, he was no longer to be known either as to his physical or moral qualities. He committed faults in proportion to his losses. On the eighteenth of October the cavalry of the King of Naples was beaten by the Russians. Buonaparte was furious when he heard the news; and he laid the fault publicly upon the king: "If he be only a soldier where it is warm," he exclaimed, "let him return to Mount Tabor."

This insulting speech was most inconsiderate at a moment when the Emperor had occasion for all his forces, and all his

warriors. I know not whether it ever reached the ears of Murat, but from that time till he quitted the army, the utmost coldness was visible between him and his brother-in-law. His discontent rose to the height on Prince Eugene's being appointed Commander-in-chief of the whole army. The King of Naples, on this, set off for his own dominions with a heart full of resentment for the insults he had received. These are faults which all the rhetoric of flatterers can never justify.

The Emperor, on his return to Paris, set no bounds to his demands. Every where he found the same facility: no resistance on the part of any of the bodies in the state; they seemed, with one accord, to have adopted his motto, "The last man, and the last penny, are mine." This compliance with his will, in every thing, was the cause of his ruin: he

thought that neither men or things were ever to be wearied. Let us see what he said to his wife:—" I have had great losses, madam, but they may soon be repaired. I know my people well; they are too far engaged to recede. They have given me their sons,—the sons will draw the fathers after them. My treasures are in every pocket; nothing is requisite but to ask for them. I will not degrade the throne: I shall get through this conflict with glory."

He would have made almost any sacrifices to revenge himself of the Prince-royal of Sweden, who would not sacrifice himself to his wild schemes. Nothing was omitted to ruin him with the king; the sworn enemy of all free and candid intercourse, all his answers were ambiguous, insignificant, and capable of being variously interpreted. The Prince-

royal, who had the example of Spain before his eyes, perceived the snare laid for him. He was not ignorant of Buonaparte's having said to his ministers, that the only means of managing Sweden was to sow divisions between the prince and the king; and to stop the evil at its source, he resolved to meet the question boldly with the Emperor, through his *charge d'affaires*, the Chevalier de Signeul. "The friendship of Sweden for France," it was said in this note, "has cost her several provinces. His Majesty, the Emperor of the French, has promised to afford her the means of recovering them, or to indemnify her by other provinces nearer to Sweden. If this promise be not performed, Sweden has broke with France." An explanation so explicit disconcerted the cabinet of St. Cloud; and Buonaparte had one enemy

the more: he said consequently to M...., "It would be a master-stroke to make him finish his career at Vincennes."

The presence of Buonaparte in Germany, however, became every day more and more necessary: and in a few days he arrived at Dresden—this was in the month of May, 1813. The battles of the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first, re-established the honour of our arms, and the affairs of the Emperor. All on a sudden, Austria declared solemnly that she would take part against the side that would not make peace. On this, Buonaparte remarked to Marshal M.....: "'Tis against me then that he will take part: in my present situation I cannot, and I will not make peace."

On the twenty-second, he sent me with several of the officers of his household to Mayence, to meet the Empress, and he

joined us there himself on the twenty-sixth. He was visibly much agitated, and was revolving in his mind some great project. On the twenty-eighth of May, I saw him on a sudden surrounded by people, whom I had for a long time known as those employed by him when he would strike some great stroke. Councils were held every day; but great care was taken to conceal every thing from the Empress. Couriers were continually passing between the court of Vienna and the French head-quarters. On the sixth of April two regiments of cavalry, which came from Dresden, were lodged in the environs of Mayence. On the same day dispatches were received by the Emperor from Vienna: I know not the contents of them, but they put him into extremely good humour. A secret council was immediately held, and the cavalry received

orders in the night to hold themselves in readiness to mount their horses. The next day other dispatches arrived from the same court, which entirely clouded over the Emperor's joy. He departed immediately for Dresden, and the Empress returned to Paris. From the observations I made upon all these things, I have no doubt that Buonaparte's plan was to entice the Emperor of Austria to Mayence, under the pretence of seeing his daughter, when he would have been arrested, and made to serve as a hostage for the conduct of his cabinet. If this be only conjecture, it is a conjecture which circumstances and probability will abundantly justify.

Austria now declared war against us. All Buonaparte's really able counsellors, all his experienced generals, all true

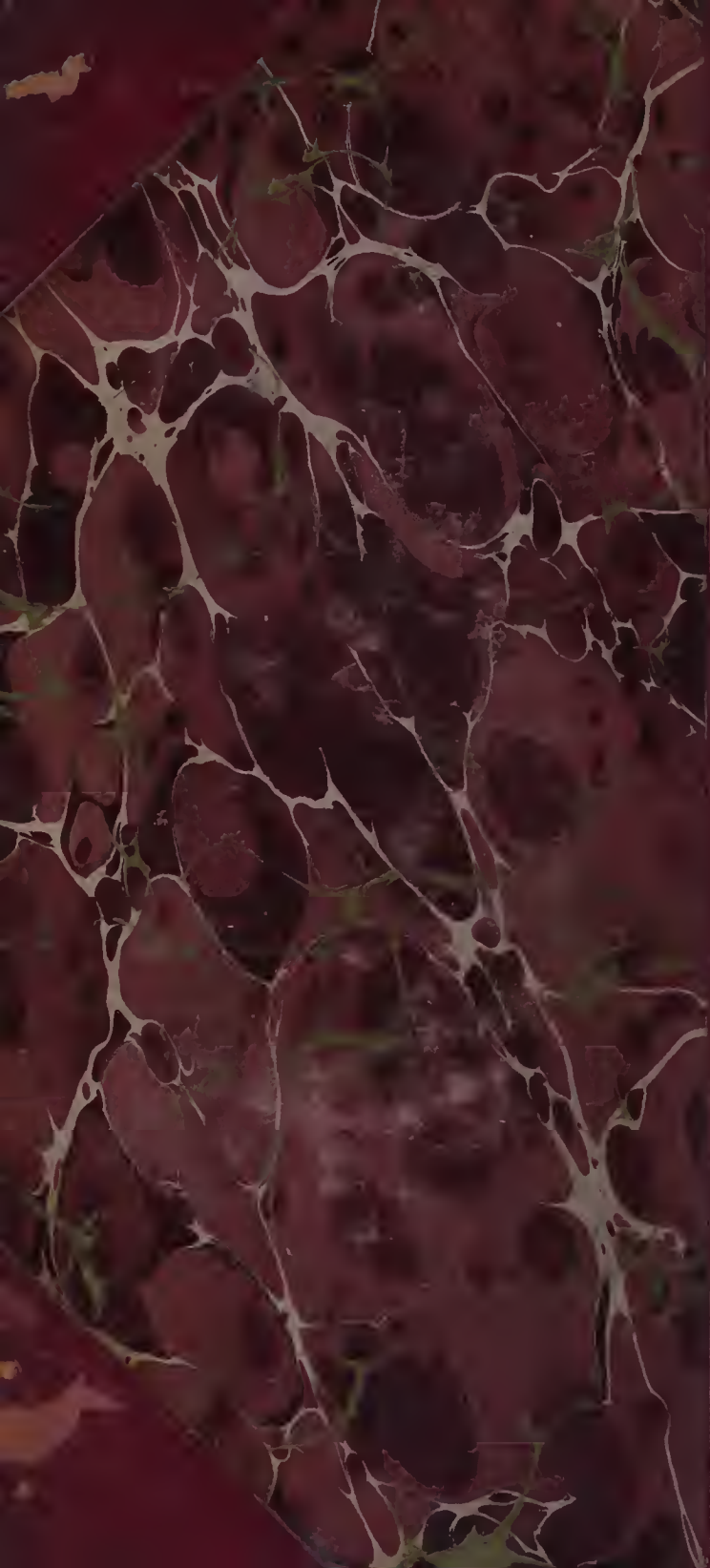
friends to their country, and even to his person, advised him to retire upon the Rhine. Vainly did Marshal M..... represent to him that Bohemia, an impenetrable country, menaced our right, and our rear: he assented in part to these truths, but he would not retreat. General Oudinot, a consummate officer, an intrepid soldier, covered with wounds, but a bad courtier, presented to him a detailed memorial, full of strength, of able reasoning, of strong facts, in which was the following passage. "If your majesty would withdraw all your garrisons, and uniting them in one large body, retire with them to the Rhine, placing those who are the most exhausted in good cantonments, and making the others take strong positions, you might still dictate peace to the allies." The counsel was bold, 'tis true, but it was prudent and

decisive, and that alone which could save the Emperor and his whole territory. But the memorial was hastily read, and the advice rejected. Every project of retreat, every hint to that effect, was from that moment hateful to him, and any one who dared to give such a hint, incurred the utmost danger to himself. General Jomini, chief of the etat-major to the third division of the army, was obliged to fly, for having demonstrated the necessity of a retrogade movement.

Some days after this event, I fell seriously ill, and obtained permission to return to France. I was obliged to stop at Chalons: travelling had increased my malady so much, that the physicians said if I attempted to proceed, I should never reach Paris alive. I remained at Chalons till the twenty-sixth of November: my wife came to meet me, and accompany me

to the capital, but when arrived there I had a relapse, which confined me to my bed till the sixteenth of February. I regretted very much, and still do regret, that I could not follow Buonaparte to the moment of his fall: not to insult his misfortunes; he is fallen—he is punished; but to examine his behaviour in the last moments of his expiring power.

My observations began in the cradle of his power: it would not have been a matter of indifference to me, to see that power in its last agonies. Yet I cannot—I who have known him better than any other ever knew him.—I cannot form to myself an idea of the manner in which it was finished. I knew that he attached a great value to life, but I thought that he attached a still greater to dominion.

THE END

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